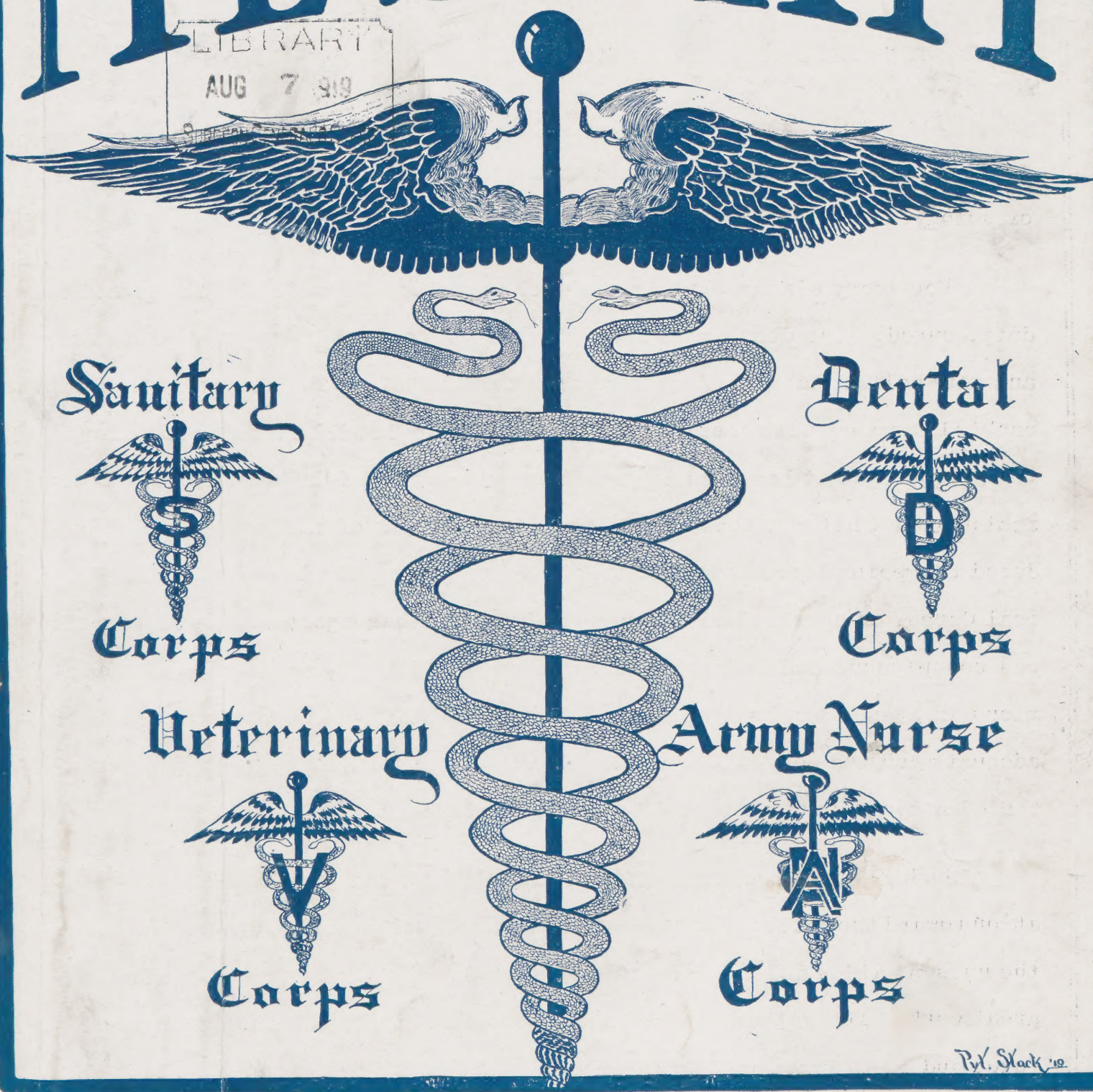


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U.S.A. BASE
HOSPITAL
CAMP MERRITT, N.J.

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

June 13, 1919

STATEMENT BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

The simple facts descriptive of the work of the Medical Corps in the great war comprise a record more eloquent than could be made by any mere words of eulogy.

For every six men sent to hospitals because of wounds, five returned to duty, cured. The death rate from disease was lower than in any previous war, and only half as large as the death rate from battle. The Medical Corps has enabled us to say with confidence that typhoid fever will never again be for us the plague that it has been to previous armies of the United States. Venereal disease, hitherto one of the deadliest enemies of armies, has been reduced to a point lower than ever before. In this particular effort the Medical Corps, of course, had the cooperation of other agencies, but its work was conspicuous and indispensable. During all of the exigencies of operations in France the hospital facilities of the Expeditionary Forces were adequate and the surgical and medical care of our soldiers was not only scientific but sympathetic, considerate and effective.

Such a record needs no comment. It calls for our gratitude and appreciation toward the officers and men of the Medical Corps who have made it, and to the nurses, aides and other personnel associated with the physicians in their great work. Altogether, it gives us a standard to be maintained in the future, and is an immeasurable advance over anything we have hitherto been able to achieve.

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War

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Our father, which art in Washington,
Hurried be thy name.
Give us this day our delayed pay
And forgive us our absent without leaves
As we forgive the bugler and the mess sergeant
And all those who wear bars;
And lead us not into the army of occupation,
But deliver us from fatigue squads, the Q. M.
and the field clerks.
For ever and ever.

Ah, Oui.

—*Exchange*

The Mess-Kit

A magazine written and published by the enlisted men of U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., by Authority of the Surgeon General, issued monthly.

COMMANDING OFFICER: MAJOR J. I. SLOAT, M.C., U. S. A.
ADJUTANT: CAPT. W. B. TATUM, M.C., U. S. A.

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Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1919

No. 6

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD AT CAMP MERRITT, N. J.

The history of the Jewish Welfare Board at Camp Merritt can be graphically cited by calling it and paraphrasing Mr. Kipling's "A Big Brother to All the World."

It has made no distinction in race, color, nor creed and its activities have been limited only by the physical powers of those concerned in the work. In fact one of their staff, Mr. Samuel J. Gitlin, died of influenza brought on by overwork and exposure during that troublesome time. Because of his remarkable devotion to the soldiers of Camp Merritt a memorial tablet is hung in the Jewish Welfare Board at this place by the soldiers whom he served so well and among whom he was so popular.

The Jewish Welfare Board was born during this War unlike the K. C. or the Y. M. C. A. who were well organized at the start and had years of experience back of them. It has been the writer's good fortune to have visited practically all of the Welfare Boards in this section and invariably he has found a cosmopolitan collection of officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of every creed and color and to his amusement one day he sat down to dinner at a table at which was a Jewish Rabbi, a Catholic Priest, an Episcopalian Minister, a Unitarian Minister and a Missionary from Armenia. During his conversation with these gentlemen he found that they were frequent visitors at this welfare board which was in New York City at 89 Park Avenue, and he received their assurance that in all of their welfare work they never had seen a greater collection of races and colors as were found at the various Jewish Welfare organizations. In some way there seemed to be a peculiar sympathy between these welfare boards and the unfortunates, especially have I noticed this true of Russian and Armenian refugees.

At the Jewish Welfare Board in Camp Merritt the writer was very much amused one Friday evening at Sabbath Services by several Alabama negroes who were in attendance. They could not seem to understand why the Rabbi had requested them to keep on their hats because they had always been accustomed to take their hats off in any church that they had ever attended, and it was only by great persuasion on my part that they could be induced to keep their hats on. When the Rabbi, who intoned prayers in Hebrew began, I gave them a prayer book

which the Jewish Welfare Board has written in Hebrew as well as English. It was a great puzzle to these colored boys. Finally they could stand it no longer, so one of them said to me, "Leftenant, am dis the language that God used to the Hebrew chil'en an' Moses on the Mount?" I assured them that it was. "Huh," he said, "No wonder them poor folks got it all mixed up and wandered 'round in the wilderness fo' fo'ty years, and busted dem Ten Commandments all up. How in the name of Gawd could they understand it either 'rit or spoke?"

I have seen the Jewish Welfare Board at Camp Merritt on their famous Paterson nights crowded for every inch of space, with every nationality represented in the American Army and with almost all the ranks. The vaudeville shows, given entirely by voluntary workers for the Jewish Welfare Board, have been one of the most popular features of Camp Merritt, especially is this true of Kiddy shows. These dear kids have come here from all over New Jersey and New York, ranging from the age of two years to 16, and have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the entertainment of the soldiers going through this camp. This one feature alone has endeared the Jewish Welfare Board to soldiers all over the United States and the writer has heard more expressions of keen enjoyment and enthusiastic gratitude for these shows than anything he has seen put on in the army.

The Jewish Welfare Board at 89 Park Avenue, New York, up until recently have furnished beds, breakfast, lunch and dinner to every soldier, no matter what his race or creed, that applied for them at the rate of 25 cents for lodging and 25 cents for meals. These meals could not have been duplicated in any restaurant in New York City for less than one dollar, and volunteer waiters or canteen workers on this service came from the very best, most aristocratic and wealthiest Jewish families of New York City; girls who at home never knew what it was to do domestic work, worked from six in the morning until 8 and 10 o'clock at night serving soldiers their meals. The writer has been to this canteen frequently and has never failed to be welcomed by the brightest smiles and the most congenial good humor, and was made to feel thoroughly at home. I have sat there and seen more pathetic occurrences than I would be-



Charles L. Ornstein, Headworker, Jewish Welfare Board, Camp Merritt, N. J.

"I Know of No Race, Creed or Color; Only Service to American Soldiers"

lieve was possible in the whole world, all met and handled with the greatest efficiency and with true human touch. I have seen the same kind of service tendered the soldiers in the Base Hospital at Camp Merritt where there was regularly distributed through our Welfare Branch cakes, candies, cigarets, and, above all, the pleasant smile and the real human interest repeated by those good, kind and thoughtful Jewish ladies who never failed, rain or shine, cold or wet, to meet their self-imposed obligations.

This resume of the Jewish Welfare Board work would not be complete without mentioning what was done for the soldiers of this place by the Jewish Welfare Board of Paterson, N. J. Dances were regularly given once a week, free shows were given in Paterson to which all of our soldiers able to go were transported free of charge; hospitals were visited by the Jewish ladies of Paterson, in fact everything for the comfort and welfare of the soldiers of Camp Merritt, whether sick or well, was done by the Welfare Board of Paterson, no effort being spared to get the very highest class of entertainment, every one of which was pushed through to a success.

It is through the offices of the Jewish Welfare Board that we now have at Camp Merritt the only open air theatre of any camp in the United States. This was opened July 4, 1919, and has proved to be a great success.

On April 6 of this year there was staged at this place, at the Liberty Theater, one of the biggest shows, of the vaudeville type, that is possible to have been put on. This was furnished gratis by the Stars of the New York vaudeville stage which crowded the theater to capacity and hundreds were compelled to be turned away.

On June 7, 1919, over 700 men, including wounded and sick convalescents, were transported to the Palm Gardens, New York City, under the auspices of the Cosmopolitan Club, New York City, and the Jewish Welfare Board of Camp Merritt. This was one of the highest class entertainments that the writer has ever attended, and in some ways the strangest, for I saw there things that I never expected to see. I saw splendidly gowned, gently raised girls fanning, offering cold drinks, and tenderly caring for convalescent colored soldiers, giving them the same attention as given our white boys. As one of them said to me: "These ladies shore is color blind." I comment on this, not because I do not think that these men should receive the same care as any other soldier, but because it was a very

unusual sight. I wished that night that I had come back to America myself on a stretcher instead of on both feet because I envied those poor sick and wounded boys the care that they were given, and in the language of the country correspondent, a good time was had by all. There was everything at this entertainment from the highest rendition of operatic music to the ordinary silly jokes of vaudeville and these men enjoyed every moment of the time.

I have not the space to go into details of the continued hospitality that is dispensed by the Jewish Welfare Board of this place. I go there frequently myself and I have never been there but that something good to eat was not being dispensed, with candy and free smokes, but above all more genuine hospitality than anyone could ask for.

Mr. Charles L. Ornstein, head worker of the Jewish Welfare Board at this place, has this motto over his desk: "I know no race, creed or color, only service to American Soldiers," and this is certainly lived up to.

There is good even in war, because this war has securely knitted together the bonds of friendship, and better understanding, and proved the affection of every member of this great land. Woe! to the invader that ever sets an alien foot on our soil because this war has made us love our country with greater, more fevered patriotism than the writer believed ever could be existent. Along with this great patriotism is also some love for each other, no matter what our race or belief may be.

I am a Zionist in that I believe the Jewish race should certainly be given the privilege of a nation of their own in Palestine. For thousands of years they have held this image in their hearts and their services to the world, their great love for humanity brought out by this war, should be rewarded by giving them, once more, their home land. But, there is one thing sure; if it is ever announced that the Jewish Welfare Boards of America are going to Palestine in a body, I know of about 2,000,000 dough boys, one of whom I am which, will line up at every port of embarkation out of the United States to see that they do not go. They have endeared themselves to us in a thousand ways incapable of expression in an article of this kind. In this brief resume I have very likely omitted a great deal of the good that these people have done, but I wish to assure my readers that it is an error of the head and not of the heart; always like incense in my heart will be the sweet memory of their kindly deeds, both here and in France, to myself personally and to those thousands of Uncle Sam's soldiers for whom I am trying in this article feebly to express their gratitude.

W. P. B.

RESUME OF WORK DONE BY THE J. W. B. What the New York Branch of the Jewish Welfare Board Is Doing and Seeks to Do

The New York Branch of the Jewish Welfare Board seeks to furnish the medium whereby the universal desire to help on the part of those of us who remain at home may be given expression, and to the end that the Jewish boys in the service may come to realize the mutual interest and responsibility which we share with them.

Our work is entirely non-sectarian, and all soldiers as well as the Jewish in the service, his relatives and friends are coming to know that in our branches and through our workers they may meet with their own.

In the way of material welfare we maintain canteens and dormitories, rest, recreation and reading rooms administered with the aim of supplying to these boys when in our city the same comforts and the same welcome which we would expect from our own friends.

Through our social service department we seek to solve the many and perplexing problems which particularly worry the men who are suddenly removed from their accustomed environment.

Through our legal aid department we have striven to conserve the interests of the men as conscientiously as though their affairs were our own. In our information we answer the many questions which the men, their relatives and friends naturally ask in times like these.

To the convalescents in the base hospitals we supply as much

(Continued on page 11)

Skits On Canteen Life by Jewish Welfare Board

A DAY IN THE CANTEEN

A delightful morning—May 9th, 1918.

Time—8 A. M. (Breakfast.)

Place—89 Park Avenue.

Chief Characters—A Major.

Minor Characters—Lieutenant and aides.

Behold! A young handsome soldier appears—surely an author or an artist—looking for a plot or a scenario—or a model, but no—only a real man—a gentleman.

"A MAJOR"

Just returned from Brest, France. In the city a day—baggage not arrived. In the crowded car on a return from Brooklyn a kind light-fingered creature relieved him of his personal baggage (two hundred dollars). He found himself in front of 89 Park Avenue. A soldier advised him to go in and recommended highly the J. W. B. which means "JUST WELCOME BOYS." So in he came and was most happy to accept their hospitality and remain over night. The next morning after breakfast he strolled forth and the first person he met was Ex-Governor Odel of Oklahoma. As the Major was his chief engineer during his term of office, there was a most cordial meeting. He immediately received all the money necessary to travel and made ready to leave at three. The romance almost ended when he told us that he was the father of eight children, the youngest a baby girl he had never seen, and now that Major Hornbush is homeward bound, let's hope the praises of the J. W. B. will some day waft back from Oklahoma and as is usually the case—"Cast thy bread on the waters and it will return" after many days. This was the morning episode—the evening brought us another. Shortly after the armistice was signed—in November—we entertained a soldier (whose home was in Chicago) one of four who made his escape from a German prison—he encountered many hardships and lost his right arm. Told us of many harrowing tales of German atrocities and personal reminiscences. After telling his personal experiences in many places throughout the city for the Third Liberty Loan, he returned to his home.

The evening following the interesting experiences with the Major brought us another soldier. A soldier covered with glory and with medals, the "Croix de Guerre", the D. S. C. medal and special citations.

The second of the group of four that has escaped from the German prison. He too, had been wounded and only arrived in the city last week, having been in a hospital in France many, many months. He is a New York City boy, named Schwab, born in Warsaw, Poland. We have much to be proud of when such lads go through the tortures of Hell and come back to us, well, happy, full of spirit and best of all, happy to be a part of the family of 89 Park Avenue.

The J. W. B. Canteen is especially proud to have entertained such interesting men.

CANTEEN HOURS

"A DAY IN THE CANTEEN," well let's take a particular day, say, "Pesach." On that Friday this Lieutenant made a face at the alarm clock as it rang out the fatal hour of six A. M. Oh, how she loved the downy white comif-

ness of her soft bed. Did she not assign two very competent workers to be on duty that early morning? She turned over and had a beautiful day dream for one hour. On her arrival at the canteen, low and behold, here was a superabundance of clean blue linen and white caps in which were four perfectly polite but rather indignant young women. It seems as though capable Mrs. Bernheim, who was the Lieutenant pro tem during the absence of this Lieutenant a fortnight previous, had appointed two girls for the early shift. Anyway this proved a lovely arrangement. The boys had a dainty blond to serve the fruit, a stately brunette for the coffee and a very nice medium to bring in the eggs and matzos. This Lieutenant as usual just stood around and had a beautiful sensation of seeing other people work. Oh, how she loves that job! Private Harrigan from Appleton, Wis., thought the matzos the best crackers he had ever tasted but he wanted to know if he couldn't have some ham with his eggs. The Lieutenant said they were just out of it. "Oh, did I just miss it," said disappointed Private Harrigan. Yes, you did by a couple of thousand years or more. For some reason, Moses took a violent dislike to a pig and ever since his children's children's children have shown the utmost scorn and steadily ignored this otherwise popular animal. Next to the Red, White and Blue it possibly held first place in the hearts and stomachs of our brave American Expeditionary Forces. Personally this Lieutenant can't blame Moses. She wonders if they had a canteen in those days and served pig meat made in various ways, three times a day. If only she had the following of Moses how fish would be tabooed from a good Jew's diet. Of course it's unfair to the poor innocent fish who never harmed anyone. In fact a fish has some very amiable qualities. It is cool, never gets into hot water while alive; never answers back and doesn't go out at night. Still this writer will never be able to look a fish straight in the face again.

So for the habits formed in a canteen. Soon afterwards while on a visit to Atlantic City the first thing this lieutenant did when going into the dining room at the hotel she escorted each guest to a seat. She asked the first man how long he had been at war. He looked at her rather quizzically and said he had been married twenty years. Another, what the stripes and star stood for on his left coat sleeve. He answered very unfriendly that the stripes were the pattern of the cloth of his suit and the star must have been a spot left from the chicken gravy.

If I were allowed to be serious I might say how privileged we were to have helped in that beautiful canteen. How much more we received than the little we gave and how grateful we are to the one and ones who made it possible.

A QUIET DAY AT THE CANTEEN.

Into the Canteen, a pretty homey little place which bespeaks cheerfulness the moment you enter it, comes our Lieutenant, a dark-haired and dark-eyed young female—of the "vamp" type—Sunday morning at 7:45, all flustered addressing her assistant: "I do believe I am late this morning!" She hustles into her apron and starts work on the coffee urn. In her haste she spills more of her "results" over and around the urn than she puts into

Quiet Day at the Canteen



ALICE ROSENBLATT

"Oh, You Know I Can't Sing"

it. Finally the coffee is ready to be served. While arranging the breakfast tables, there are ten in all in this little dining room, each table tastefully arranged with a vase of flowers in the center, she says, "My but the boys are late this morning. Wouldn't you think that they could come down early on Sunday morning and not wait until ten o'clock to start eating?" Unselfishness on the part of the Lieutenant. Finally breakfast is over and the shift starts coming in, one girl lagging behind the other, with such excuses as, "I got to bed so late last night, yes, a dance, that it was really an effort for me to get up this morning." Or, "the maid was sick"—don't believe she has one—"and I had to prepare the breakfast before I left" (these girls certainly do have their troubles!) They gather around the Lieutenant a little later to discuss the places they are to take, one saying: "In the kitchen again, why I was only there last Sunday, and anyway, I despise the cook she is such a cat!" or, "Must I be waitress, I really do hate being one, I always get so flustered when a soldier looks at me!—especially if he is good looking!" (I don't exactly blame her.)

By twelve o'clock the cook, one of those nice, kind, friendly persons—always looking for an argument or to call somebody down—shouts up from the kitchen that dinner is ready and we are finally prepared for the "attack." Naturally most of the boys are not anxious to eat at twelve, having just finished breakfast and would rather wait until five minutes of two!—Please note, dinner hour is from 12 to 2—But there are always a few considerate ones! To surprise us the Captain saunters in and, unfortunately, at the psychological moment, you hear a crash, and a plate of soup is dropped down the back of a meek soldier boy sitting by. (Picture the feelings of the unfortunate Lieutenant!) There is much confusion for a moment and the Lieutenant hastens to apologize for the accident and says, "Why this is the first time, Mrs. B——, it has ever happened, and just when we wanted everything to be running so smoothly too!"

During the afternoon one of our star performers, a pretty little girl full of giggles and things, makes an effort to entertain the boys and struggles at the piano with the tune of "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!"

(something quite new) and the Lieutenant is trying to persuade another girl to sing, but gets the usual excuse, "Oh, I can't, you know I can't sing!" She is too interested in the conversation she is having with the boy next to her to exert herself, and her superior officer turns away disappointed again. A little sailor boy sitting near, hears the controversy and rushes to the rescue,—one whom she has befriended, for when he was hungry she gave him more to eat,—steps up to the piano and starts things going. Everybody joins in with him and it sounds to outsiders dropping in that afternoon that they were all having a lovely time (?). (If they only knew!)

J. W. B. CANTEEN ALPHABET

89 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

Humbly dedicated to our esteemed Captain,
Mrs. J. J. Hanauer

- A—Is for Army, the lads whom we served
The best we could give them was what they deserved.
- B—Is for the Beans we hand them each day,
When the boys saw them, they all ran away.
- C—Is for Coffee, for Cabbage and Cake
If the boys got it, a "second" they'd take.
- D—Is for Dinner, the boys loved it so
Sometimes they'd kick when service was slow.
- E—Is for Eggs, when the fish gave out
"Send up some more" the Lieutenant would shout.
- F—Is for Fish Cakes, they're Kosher you know
Swimming in gravy the boys made them go.
- G—Is for Gob, we had lots of those boys
Chattering to them was one of our joys.
- H—Is for —, well, I don't have to say
She was the boss, she was there every day.
- I—Is for Ice Cream, we had it galore
After one portion, our guests asked for more.
- J-W-B is the name of our job,
H-E-L-L, when we had a big mob.
- K—Is for Kitchen, the royal domain
When you went in, you were chased out again.
- L—Is for Lieutenants, they worked hard and long
But somehow or other things often went wrong.

- M—Is for Military, our Boys tried and true,
They often K. P.'d when you told them to do.
- N—Is for Napkins, of paper were made
Often we had them when they weren't mislaid.
- O—Is for Orders, for Onions and Oil,
And the remarks when the water didn't boil.
- P—Is for Patients, from all over they came
We welcomed them all, so they all came again.
- Q—For the Quantities of cake that they ate;
Every half minute they'd empty a plate.
- R—Is the Regulars—often overlooked
But our girls for them just as cheerfully cooked.
- S—Is for Service, sometimes it was good
But the boys of all branches came for the food.
- T—Is for Tables, their tops were of glass
They were nice while they lasted, but one broke, alas.
- U—Is for Upsets, we had quite a few
We never found out who the trouble came thru.
- V—Is for Victims, who came here to eat
Who didn't find out why they never served meat.
Came back for seconds the girls were so sweet.
- W—Is for Waitress, willing and kind
Always good cheer the boys here did find.
- X—For the rest of the alphabet, I might find a rhyme
- Y—Im not going to do it, I haven't the time.
- Z—

(Signed) CARRIE F. SINN.

LIEUTENANT, THURSDAY MORNING

Every morning rain or shine
I can count on that shift of mine
The tables we scrub and polish bright
Until they shine with a wonderful light
Sandwiches did you say? Oh gee!
We make them till we cannot see
But with such pleasure does each one work
That not a job do we ever shirk.

LIEUTENANT, THURSDAY EVENING

On Thursday night the whole bunch run
To give the boys both food and fun
And while they dance and sing and play
There's wholesome jest and laughter gay
The only time they tease or fret
Is when the tables they must set
Or else sweep up the "Canteen" floor
When they would rather dance some more
But all in all their work they do
With willing hands and hearts so true.

CANTEEN HOURS

After being a canteen lieutenant for many days there should be a fund of funny happenings to tell about and many instances did seem comical at the time but all I can recall now don't appeal to me as being a bit amusing.

Tuesday, during the Passover week, the Gentile boys did enjoy the Matzos and Matzos balls so much indeed that the following week four boys came in and asked for these large brown crackers and ball soup. The Stars and Stripes that adorn the hall of our canteen were placed there by five soldiers who happened in several weeks

prior to their going overseas. Why they happened so regularly on my day, I've a faint suspicion. They all sat at the one table and three girls, always the same, waited on them. Being a discreet lieutenant, as well as a chaperone, I welcomed these boys as well as the three girls did, hence the flag.

One day we served 367, some other things occurred that day and evening, the coffee urn insisted upon boiling over, spoons ran short and the 'phone kept telling us that Irma, Kathleen, and many others could not come today or that members of their family were ill, but the boys kept coming. The dumb waiter got stuck somewhere between the pantry and kitchen. The hot water turned cold and then a fork went down the wrong place, promptly after which a leak was discovered under the sink, and it was 7:30 and many boys to be served, we wondered if this war would soon be over and while we were wondering the lights went out. Among the waiting soldiers was a plumber and an electrician. They fixed for us and we fixed for them.

"89" will ever be a memory to bring to our minds soldiers, sailors, yellow chairs, small round tables, one with a broken glass top, a long table in the corner with coffee and water urns, voices calling down to a region below, four soups, five full dinners, three deserts, no cake. With this recollection will come the fact of when we did our bit and our joy in doing it. It has been a wonderful service of Heart, Mind, and National pride. Still another reminiscence of a charming gracious lady, patient and considerate, whose one duty in life this past Winter seemed to be trying to keep all smooth and smiling at the "J. W. B." of 89 Park Avenue.

A DAY IN THE CANTEEN FROM A CANTEEN WORKER'S VIEWPOINT

A sleepless night—a hastily swallowed breakfast—two sandwiches and a plate of ice-cream.

A SOLDIER'S IMPRESSION OF THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD CANTEEN

DEAR MABLE:

Jes' a line to tell you, Mable, you'd better get busy learning new recipes. This army life is a fine thing for spoiling a feller, leastwise the canteens. While you're about it, you might learn a few Jewish recipes. Jewish Welfare they call this canteen. No wonder Jewish ladies get fat,—I tell you. I stuff like blazes whenever I'm here. This week I was out of luck. Didn't know before hand I was coming, so I couldn't save up my appetite like usual.

It was swell, though, I got thinking of you, Mable, and how you never had any Jewish Welfare meals. Gave me a sort of piggish feeling. So I asked one of the waitresses what to do about it. That's me all over, Mable. Whenever I think of a way to improve you, I stop at nothing to get there. And when you cook meals like that—oh gee! She gave me a book, I can't make any much sense out of it! But it's got "THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART," writ big on the cover. I'll bring it home to you, soon as I get the Captain to look at the idea of a discharge same as I do.

I can't make out how these women get here. Hired out by the day I guess. And a good class of servants they make too. 'Bliging, they are. I'm going to get the address of one I have my eye on, for when we are rich. She must

have been fired. Went away to Atlantic City. But she struck me as an A1 cook and waitress. Only, they're pretty fresh for maids. Keep asking me questions. "How long have you been in service?" "What's that stripe on my sleeve mean?" "Do I want to be discharged soon?" "Would I ever enlist again?" and "what would we give to go marching into Berlin?"

First. I didn't like it. Kind of taking liberties with a sergeant. But I learned a thing or two about democracy. "Let 'em gab their fill" is my motto, and as long as they keep on working so hard, I aint kicking.

A DAY AT THE CANTEEN

I start, I jump—a clanging sound I hear
Upon a quiet Sunday, mars my sleep
I must arise and travel on, I fear,
Ah woe is me; I'd surely love to weep.

And so I tiptoe from a quiet home,
My lucky family slumbers on in peace
To find War's pain we ne'er need roam,
And battle's woes within our hearts ne'er cease.

At just eight sharp I hasten quickly in
To our Canteen, and hurry up the stair;
My day of service glad will now begin,
With me pray come, and you it's joy may share.

Bananas now I swiftly slice, and then
Cut oranges in half and sweetly ask
"What will it please you to have oh men?
Oatmeal, cornflakes or wheat—come set the task."

And then my shift of girls comes slowly in
Some come at nine, some come at ten and some
Arrive at noon. I gayly say "'tis not a sin
I'm glad you all have really come."

"Say Lieut. ! A boy is looking for a comb"
"Here Lieut. ! We need a little change"
So up the steps and all around I roam
I'll sell my job as Lieut. if you'll exchange.

It's been the best of fun you'll all admit;
We've danced and sung with soldier and with gob,
We've learned to know men by the deed that they commit
And now we know there's no such word as "snob."

A DAY IN THE CANTEEN

Seven o'clock in the canteen—the door swings wide for
Lt. Bean

She's stayed up all night to reach there on time
Slipped out while hubby's in slumber sublime
One day a week she deserts her man
Don't care if he has coffee out of a tin can
The boys must have breakfast at the Canteen
"Choice of coffee, tea or cocoa," says Lt. Bean.
"Cocoa," in a whisper, for it's bothersome to make it
"Tea," a little louder, tho' she hopes that he won't take it
"Coffee," that's the boy; no, I can just turn on the faucet
Why, this is an easy job, if you just know how to boss it.
Jing, jang, jingle, goes the 'phone, from the lieut. comes a
moan

Oh, what a misfortune dire, "it's the Captain on the wire."
And I forgot to count the cakes, help me, please for
goodness sake

Mary, count the cakes real quick, thank you Mark, you're
a brick

"Morning," Mrs. Captain Dear, Mrs. Bright and I are
here,

Very well and how are you? (If Mary doesn't tell me
soon, how many cakes, I'll surely swoon.)

I hope I won't be short today, but Mrs. D. has gone away,
It's Clara's governess' day out, and Lily's husband has
the gout

There are four cakes left, yes three that's right.

Bye-bye. Oh! girls, I had a fright.

I thought I left the water running.

Good-morning Annie, you look stunning,

Don't primp so long, I'm cutting bread, there'll be hos-
pital boys who want to be fed.

I wonder what we'll have for lunch, spaghetti again, I
have a hunch

I'll run to the kitchen and have a peek I bet its the same
as we had last week

No girls, it's eggs and they look real nice,

12 o'clock, lunch is served, pantry's busy in a trice,

"Ten wounded, dinner," "Those deserts look fine,"

"I ordered first," "Are those specials mine?"

"She grabs everything before I get a chance,

Let her serve, I'm going in the parlor to dance."

"Well take them then, but the next is mine."

My Boy's have been waiting the longest time.

"I'm serving a War Cross. Do you see?"

"A French War Cross?" "Mine has a D. S. C."

"I'm going to treat that wounded one, he lost his eye,
by a machine gun

His friend's been gassed and shell-shock too,

Ice-cream and cake, please make it two."

There's a furtive tear, there's plenty of cheer,

The sublime, the ridiculous, both are here

For some it means work, and for others a lark

So the day goes round at 89 Park.

PROPAGANDA FOR REHABILITATION OF CANTEEN WORKERS

Under the sheltering oven hood
Our Canteen worker stands
With fish and soup and other things
With tray filled in her hands
And listens with an open ear
To the soldier lad's demands.

From morn to night with all her might
She serves Atlantic Fleet
With fish a la citation
Flirtation 'stead of meat
With shell-shocked specials, gassed deserts and
Eggs and eggs galore
She hustled hither. thither
To please the boys the more.

Hundreds of books and pamphlets have been written;
hundreds of devices have been invented for the relief of
the poor, unfortunate soldiers and sailors of the World
War. But Lo! no one has thought of the sad lot of the
sleepless, tango-tired, canteen worker. Is it not time, dear
sisters, that you were re-habilitated? Do you not need
to be re-constructed? Do you not need new feet, new
hands, new heads, new dispositions?

Shall we not now call upon our Government to take
up the matter of the Rehabilitation of Canteen Workers?

To
Elsie Janis

ELSIE JANIS, God bless you! If you should ever marry, the lucky guy who gets you will have some job. Believe me! Because if he don't treat you right he will have to answer to about two million Doughboys besides several thousand officers all of whom would be glad to marry you, individually or collectively, no matter how many other wives we may be blessed with.

You worked hard for us, Elsie, but it has its compensations. It's a great thing to know you would be a welcome and honored guest in over two million homes. There is not a queen on earth who knows that, but you know it. It's a great thing to know there is hardly a town or hamlet in this broad land but where you could find protection and assistance even at the sacrifice of life, but you know it.

You know that enshrined in the hearts of rough, kindly men is the image of your dear face, that will grow brighter with the years. That the tale of your good cheer brought to them on shell-riven battlefields will go down to their children as a precious heritage. To us over there in France you were mother, wife, sister, sweetheart, and daughter all rolled into one, and the winsomeness of your smile warmed hearts that were chilled with the frost of years, cheered those heavy with homesickness, and put courage in those who were afraid.

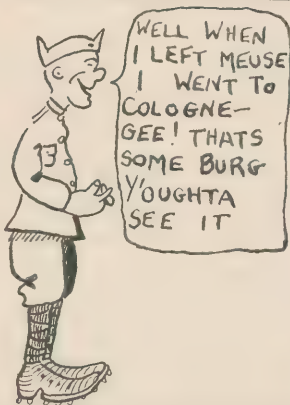
If the army as a whole had anything to say or do with this hero stuff that's being handed out, you would have so many medals and crosses it would make you sway-backed to tote them around. You would be a full general in your own right with four stars, twelve social secretaries, and everything; and the right to a salute of one hundred guns. You would have *** Oh! what's the use? You know, Elsie, what we would give you if we could, because you deserve it, and more. Because you did more to win the war, Elsie, than all the Generals and Colonels and Majors and Captains and Lieutenants. Why? Because you kept Old Mister Doughboy keyed up to the right pitch, and after all Mr. Doughboy really did the work, just between us not to be mentioned outside the family. Now after having risen to make these remarks we are going to sit down while the band plays one of our old rollicking tunes. If in after years, as we said before, if you ever get married, and the stork should ever bring you a son, just call him Sam, please, after the U. S. and we will send him the finest silver mug our bank account can buy, and Elsie, he will get so many presents from the old army, you will have to build a warehouse larger than that old ramshackle one you used to have to sleep in, in France, to hold them all. We'll say he will.

W. P. B.

“FUNNY ISMS”



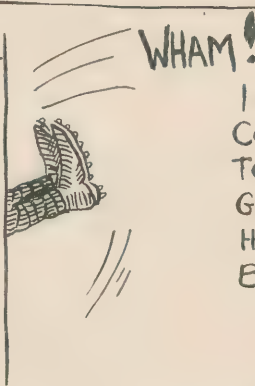
HOW
PVT 1/2 NAUMAN
(JUNIOR)
LOOKED
BEFORE AND AFTER
SHAVING HIS
BELOVED MUSTACHE



WELL WHEN
I LEFT MEUSE
I WENT TO
COLOGNE—
GEE! THATS
SOME BURG
YOU'GHTA
SEE IT



THATS
NOTHIN'



WHAM!

I GAVE
COLOGNE
TO MY
GIRL FOR
HER LAST
BIRTHDAY

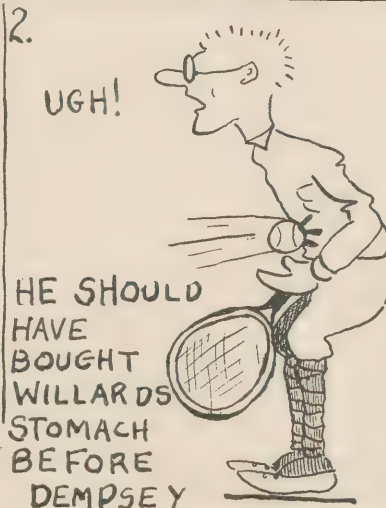


ZOWIE!

TENNIS
BALLS
HURT—
ASK SGT.

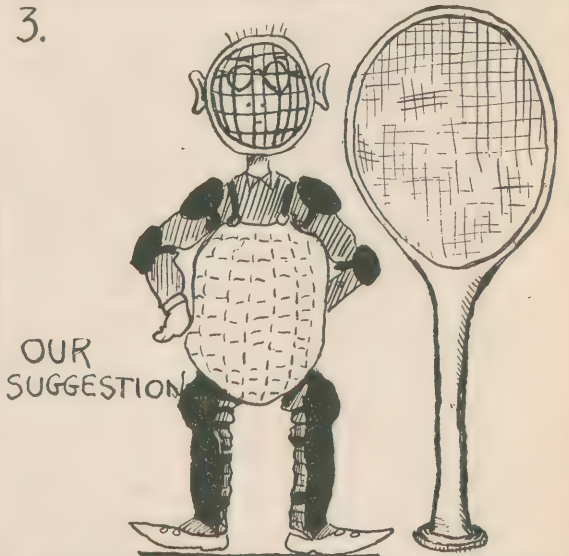
HOWARD IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT. RUINED IT

AS A TENNIS PLAYER SGT. HOWARD WOULD MAKE A GOOD SIGN-PAINTER



UGH!

HE SHOULD
HAVE
BOUGHT
WILLARDS
STOMACH
BEFORE
DEMPSEY



OUR
SUGGESTION



CHUG
CHUG

“CHIEF” COOK GUS REIHLE
GOES AFLIVVING

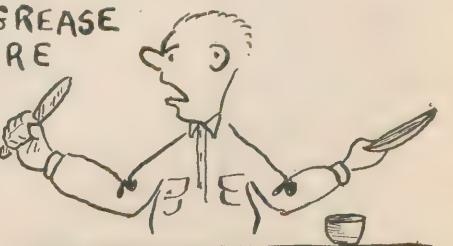
culver

MR. K.P. WILL YOU
PLEASE PASS ME
THAT STEW AND
OLEOMARGARINE?
I THANK YOU
MOST KINDLY



THE FIRST WEEK OF
“BUCK” PRIVATES 14 MONTHS
IN THE ARMY

HEY! YOU DIZZY LOOKIN'
BUM THROW THAT SLUM
AN' AXEL GREASE
DOWN HERE
BEFORE I
JUST
NATURALLY
WRECK
YER!
GET ME?



THE LAST 13 MONTHS
AND 3 WEEKS OF THE
SAME 14 MONTHS

2.

CONTINUED APPRECIATION OF THE J. W. B.

A. E. F. PRAISES J. W. B.

Gen. Pershing has expressed his "appreciation for the splendid service rendered to the American Expeditionary Force by the Jewish Welfare Board" in a letter he has sent to Col. Cutler, chairman of that board. The American commander added that from the opening of its work in the summer of 1918 the representatives of the Jewish Welfare Board during the remaining months of hostilities did valuable work among the soldiers of the Jewish faith and others.

"Since the signing of the armistice," Gen. Pershing wrote, "you have grasped the opportunity for increased recreational facilities and have increased your personnel, opened additional club rooms at important centers and shown a commendable eagerness to co-operate with the army and the other welfare societies, and to bear your full share of the responsibility for keeping up this important work until all troops can be returned to America."

Col. Harry Cutler of Providence, R. I., and New York, Chairman of the Jewish Welfare Board of the United States Army and Navy and a delegate to the Peace Conference, returned on the Rotterdam. Col. Cutler, who left on the Baltic in February, said that he was pleased at the results obtained at the peace table.

Col. Cutler said that he had been all through the army areas in France and Germany and found that the Jewish Welfare Board huts were ministering to as high as 90 per cent. of non-Jewish soldiers. "We are but one of the seven custodians of the funds given by the American people, for the motto has been from the first that we know no creed or denomination when we are spending their money," he said.—*Ontario News*.

DYING SOLDIER SENDS HIS ONLY POSSESSION, A DIAMOND RING, TO JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

The Jewish Welfare Board announced recently that Mrs. Schwartz, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Jewish Welfare Board of Staten Island, had received the following note, signed by a patient of the Fox Hills Military Hospital:

"Dear Mrs. Schwartz: I take pleasure in leaving you this token of my esteem and affection. You and your organizations are the only ones that have brought sunshine into the last days of my life."

Accompanying this letter was a little envelope containing a diamond ring of unique setting and a note from the surgeon of the hospital explaining that it was the patient's last desire before he died that the ring be delivered to Mrs. Schwartz.

In his note the surgeon added: "It might interest you to know that this ring was all that the poor boy had. It must have been an heirloom, for he treasured it above everything. The head nurse tells me that the soldier was not satisfied until he got the explicit assurance that the ring will reach you. He then died peacefully. It might also interest you to know that the soldier was not a Jew."

(Continued from page 4)

as fifteen hundred pieces of fruit each fortnight, in addition to candies, jellies, and other delicacies for the sick as well as innumerable other articles for the comfort of both the sick and the well.

Our program for men in the service is such that it covers their entire day and in the evening there are dances, free theatre tickets and always social gatherings.

Our work is done practically entirely by volunteers.

We endeavored to be big brothers and sisters to the men as they went to France. We stood to welcome them with even greater enthusiasm and increased serviceableness as they have returned.

A BOOMER

A railroad man I've always been since nineteen hundred ten.
Broke fast freights on the B. & A., switched box cars on the Penn,

Drummed a crew in New Orleans, fired on the Plate,
Doubleheaded freight trains into Frisco's Golden Gate.

Signed payrolls on the B. & O, the Erie and the Soo,
The Seaboard and the Cotton Belt, the N. & W., too;
Got fired on the Big Four and quit the Santa Fe,
Pulled snow plows through Nebraska, hauled corn in Tennessee.

Was swingman on a mountain job and rode out all the nights,
Had an offer from a road near home and threw up two years' rights;

Been called out for a wrecker, broke a fly run for a week,
Worked on log runs in Montana, got hurt at Cripple Creek.

When the war broke out found me working on the old St. Paul;
I jacked the job, drew down my gold, and answered Wilson's call.

Was selected—'twas the people's choice; they sent me overseas—
Come over as a doughboy and joined the R. T. C. S.

They put me in a place called Mehun, which is somewhere in France,

It is the last place that God made, I'll bet a pair of pants.
They put me in the 64th, and before that day went by
I was called out for a YARD job upon the Hook and Eye.

Back home I heard the old tops talk about the pin and link,
When one of them would miss a hitch he was an awful gink,
And they'll tell of a car they handled without ladders and no brake;

It made a funny picture and I'd laugh until I'd shake.

But since I landed Over There, I am a wiser boy;
I've come to the conclusion that railroading is no joy;
For no-brake cars are common There, with Frog cars made of wood,

If you get one with a binder on, it's a safe bet it's no good.

No cars There have ladders and you know that's all wrong;
They ought to issue switchmen a pair of iceman's tongs,
Then he could hang onto a car with wood blocks in a sack,
For a block of wood is "jake" to keep a car from rolling back.

I hope it won't be long before I see my native State,
And get back on a real railroad—I'll bet it will feel great—
And I will tell the old tops all about the Hook and Eye,
If they doubt my word, they can go to France and see the same as I.

WRITTEN BY OLIVER C. QUINN,
Private 1/C—Patient Ward 20.

DISCHARGE NOT GOTTEN BY "PULL"
Oklahoma Politics Not the Method, Say Army Authorities.—Official Views of W. D.

You hear a lotta gossip nowadays about this discharge thing, don't you? And you hear whispers emanating from the left side of some guys' faces—most of them not in uniform—that it takes "pull" to get a separative writ from the Uncle's army. Oklahoma newspapers even print a long "spiel" about the boys here appealing to Oklahoma congressmen to pull the necessary wires to get them by. The commanding officer has issued the following statement to soldiers of this post:

"Every application for discharge is very carefully considered, and if a man has good grounds for discharge, it is approved as soon as it is possible to spare his services here."

The News is also in a position to present the official view of the War Department, including the disclaimer that influential soldiers have received priority of discharge. Says the W. D.:

"The charge that soldiers with influential friends to intercede for them have been able to secure their discharges sooner than

(Continued on Page 13)

"Life" of New York has been so persistently "Agin" the doctors that we are glad to publish the poems below in praise of the doctors and the Medical Corps. While "Life" has held the docs up to a great deal of ridicule, partly deserved and partly very unjust and exaggerated, we feel sure this criticism has resulted in good where it has been taken in proper spirit.

Here's to you, "Life!" We always read you even if we cuss you. May your shadow never grow less!

AN ODE TO OUR DOCTORS

Their dignity, their motor cars, their ease
And well-earned fees
(Those comfortable fees,
Those fees concerning which we've often joked them
In ways that may have, more or less, provoked them)
Ungrudged, they left behind, and marched away
In soldier khaki clad, on soldier pay,
To face Disease and Death in grimmer guise.
In hospital or field,
Beneath their own or alien skies,
Through miseries and horrors unrevealed,
They toiled to save, for Pity's gentle sake,
The human wreckage tossed in War's red wake.
Small glory, less reward
Our usages accord
To these who shared the danger, woe and pain,
Yet have no tale to tell of foemen slain.
Unlit by flash of sword,
Their homely epic ends
With thousands of our gallant boys restored
To life and home and friends.
So let us fill
Our cups with any liquid that may still
Be mingled by our beverage-concocters,
And pledge those quiet heroes, greatly daring,
Who gave themselves with cheerfulness unsparing—
Our Doctors!

Arthur Guiterman.

GOSSIP OVER THE TEACUPS

Wild, weird stories float over the teacups—and other receptacles barred after June 30—about wounded soldiers.

These stories usually begin, "My wife's brother heard from a friend of his, that he had seen"—and then ensues a yarn without the slightest foundation in fact.

These stories reach those whose nearest and dearest may be wounded and in an army hospital. A mother's anxiety makes them the basis of fearful imaginings.

For instance, there is the fiction of whole wards filled with "basket cases," i. e., men with neither arms nor legs. As a matter of fact, the Medical Department's records show that there is not a single American soldier who has sustained such injury.

The number of blind is also grossly exaggerated. But approximately 150 men, in all branches of the service, have lost their sight as a result of the war; and even the supreme tragedy of lost vision is mitigated by every care, and the thorough rehabilitation measures taken at the beautiful federal hospital for the blind at Baltimore.

So when we gather for a social sup—or glass—let us dwell upon facts instead of fiction. Col. Frank Billings, of Chicago, head of the Division of Physical Reconstruction at the Surgeon General's office in Washington, recently announced that up to the time of the signing of the armistice 85½ per cent of America's wounded had returned to the battle front for most strenuous duty. Of the remainder, 5 per cent. were sufficiently cured to be assigned to light duty of some sort.

Go out to any one of the army hospitals and see conditions for yourself. Ask questions. Then give a little first hand evidence when you hear the gossipers' vaporings.

THE MEDICAL CORPS

Steadfast and keen and strong, they never failed,
Though rounds were overlong and helpers few;
And, through their patient care, our soldiers knew
That men who at no ghastly service quailed,
Who did their utmost for each lad that ailed,

Were fighters just as strenuous and great
Against the ruthless harvesting of hate
As those who death-wired trench or lookout scaled.
They braved continuous rain of shell and shot
To succor in a conflict's instant need,
And always dangers or fatigue forgot
At any chance to do a kindly deed:
They gave their country heart, and mind, and skill,
And saved men, flesh and soul, to serve her still.

Charlotte Becker.

"IF"

If you would keep the love of your soldier hero,
Not losing it, as some, I fear, will do;
If you would keep him, in the future, near you,
Just keep a few important facts in view.
If you can cook and not grow tired of cooking,
Or, being censured, don't resent the paint,
Or, being told just what to set before him,
You grant his wishes, imitate a saint.
If you had lived on stew for endless ages,
If corn-beef dry had been your daily fare,
If rice and macaroni filled your dreaming,
If hash were just as frequent, too, you'd swear.
If every time you felt that you were famished,
You'd wondered, is it slum or beans today?
If, when you heard the call for chow at noontime,
Your memory conjured up meals of yesterday.

If you can make one mess of all your cooking,
Don't do it—'tis too great a chance.
But give the soldier any dish he asks for;
Remember what he had to eat in France,
If you can feed him on good fried chicken,
And pies like mother used to bake;
Soup that is soup and gravy that you thicken
And real live doughnuts, too, and cake.
If you can help him to forget the hardtack
That he gnawed the day he chased the Hun;
If all your meals are planned to please your soldier,
Your place in his affections, then, is won.
If you can smile, no matter what he asks for,
And from his meal time take away all fear,
Yours is his heart forever and ever,
And which is more—you'll be his IDOL, dear.

—After Kipling, by Corp. Dee, and others.

RECOVERY ROAD

These are things that you should know
As on Recov'ry Road you go:
The journey's long, th' arrival late—
Nor is the way to Wellville straight—
Kindly keep this in your pate
And go Slow.

And do not worry—if you'd gain—
About this ache or t'other pain;
A little nerve, a little will
Can put to flight most any ill
Without the aid of draught or pill—
So don't complain.

The things you'll find will help your chest
Are outdoor life, good food and rest;
So whether cloudy, whether fair,
Work the old reclining-chair
For all it's worth and breathe fresh air—
Do your best.



MARRIAGE OF LIEUT. JAS. BARLOW MANN AND MISS GERTRUDE CANE HOPKINS

Col. and Mrs. Frank Edwards Hopkins announce the marriage of their daughter, Gertrude Cane, to Lieut. James Barlow Mann, D. C., U. S. A., at high noon June 10, 1919. The wedding was solemnized at "Lindenhurst," Bogota, N. J., the country home of the bride's grandfather, the Hon. F. W. Cane, by the Rev. Stoddard Lane. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Frances Hopkins. Capt. Clinton R. Boone, D. C., U. S. A., of Camp Merritt, N. J., was the groom's best man. The bride, attractively gowned in white satin and chiffon, was given in marriage by her father, Col. Frank E. Hopkins, Field Artillery, who has recently returned from a year's service in France. The entire home was artistically decorated with pink roses, peonies and a profusion of ferns and palms. In the dining room the decorations and favors were entirely military. The bride cut the wedding cake with her husband's sabre, which is an old army custom. The 13th Infantry Orchestra furnished the music, and after the reception and wedding breakfast dancing was enjoyed. After a few weeks spent at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, Lieut. and Mrs. Mann will reside on Madison Avenue, Dumont, N. J. During the war Mrs. Mann did a great deal of work at the hostess house at Camp Merritt, N. J., and also in New York. Lieut. Mann has been Chief Dental Surgeon at the Base Hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J., since last September.

Above we have recorded a brief announcement of Lieut. (now Capt.) Mann and Miss Gertrude Hopkins. We are also giving a picture of the bride in the act of cutting the wedding cake with the groom's sabre.

These two young people are well known in Camp Merritt in society circles, and the MESS KIT joins their many friends in wishing them a long and happy life.

Dan Cupid has also been busy in enlisted circles. We present herewith an announcement of the marriage of Private Chester A. Mansfield and Miss Isabel Miller.

MARRIAGE OF P'VT. CHESTER A. MANSFIELD AND MISS AGNES ISABEL MILLER

July 4, 1919, marked not only the 143d anniversary of the birth of this nation, but was the happy culmination of an interesting love affair which began in March, 1918, at Newport News, Va. The ceremony was performed on the stage in Y. M. C. A. No. 1 in the presence of several friends and acquaintances by Chaplain J. T. DeBardeleben.

Mr. Mansfield enlisted in Troop D, Pendleton, Oregon, and was later transferred to 146th Field Artillery. This organization was sent over seas in March, 1918.

Private Mansfield participated in the following battles: Second battle of the Marne, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne.

The bride held the responsible position of assistant bookkeeper in the Jefferson Bank of Newport News. She greatly endeared herself to the people of this city by the active part

she took in the religious and social life of the community. Scores of soldiers and sailors remember her for her activities in the welfare organizations.

Hosts of soldiers and civilian friends wish this happy young couple Godspeed and much joy.

(Continued from page 11)

equally meritorious soldiers in like circumstances, is a charge that the War Department sincerely believes is not justified.

"The War Department studied the question of demobilization very carefully before adopting any policy. Two needs of the country were kept constantly in mind: the resumption as rapidly as possible of the normal industrial life of the country; and, second, replacement therein of individuals in the military forces and in occupations which ended upon cessation of hostilities. The War Department gave serious consideration to the plan of making the order of discharge depend on the availability of industrial positions to which the individual soldier might return as opposed to plan of disbanding complete organizations in the order of their availability for discharge.

"The former plan was deemed impracticable. It would have involved the processes of appraising the case of each soldier as a separate unit endeavoring to compare his individual rights to discharge with the rights of all others, and marshalling the priorities accordingly. Even if the likelihood of obtaining employment had been considered by classes, it would have been necessary to consider further the relative demand for each class in each separate section. The preliminary investigation necessary to an equitable determination of such a schedule, if practicable at all under the present conditions in this country, would have delayed all demobilization beyond reason.

"On the other hand, disbandment of complete military units could and was immediately begun. In this way the military situation was safeguarded and at the same time demobilization was accelerated. If a cross section of industrial or agricultural class discharged had been at once cut across all military organizations, the integrity and efficiency of every unit would have been destroyed at the outset, to the confusion of orderly procedure and the retardation of the whole demobilization program."

"Then, having considered and rejected both demobilization by classes and by industrial claims, the W. D. took as its determining principle the completion of duty by a soldier. Of course there are some exceptions, as sickness in the family of the soldier, or acute distress, or when he is needed to resume work in some industrial occupation, but in this case provided his services can be spared. * * *

"While the War Department does not maintain that among hundreds of thousands of men discharged, no individual has anywhere been favored through the efforts of influential friends, yet it does maintain that in the vast majority of instances, all those who could be spared have been steadily discharged as rapidly as possible, and in considering the various applications for discharge, the most meritorious and urgent cases were given priority and discharged first, irrespective of influence."

A REPORT OF OUR SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE IN PATERSON, N. J.

LAST MONTH

WE WENT to Paterson

ON A SUBSCRIPTION drive

FOR THE MESS KIT

AND WE went to the Y. W. C. A.

AND WE asked for Dr. Cummings,

AND THE LADY said

"SHE AIN'T here now,

BUT MAYBE she'll come directly.

HAVE A CHEER."

AND WE did

AND THERE was some girls there

AND WE are a mind reader,

AND THEY thought,

"WONDER IF he thinks this is a barracks?"

AND ANOTHER one thought,

"GEE! LOOK at them spots on his coat."

AND ANOTHER one thought,

"AIN'T He got big feet?"

AND ALL the time we was trying

TO READ the Ladies' Home Journal

AND LOOK like we didn't know they was there.

AND THEN Dr. Cummings came,

AND SOME more ladies,

AND WE met them all and everything.

AND DR. Cummings was telling us

WHAT TO DO to get subscribers,

AND A LADY came in and said,

"THERE IS A WOMAN upstairs that has cut her finger."

AND DR. Cummings said,

"YOU GO up there and fix it, Lieut."

AND WE didn't want to go,

BUT Dr. Cummings looked like,

"SHE WHO must be obeyed,"

SO WE went.

AND WHEN we got there they didn't have no C. C. Pills"

OR ANYTHING we was used to,

BUT IODINE.

AND WE upset the iodine,

AND A LADY came in and said,

"YOU ARE just like the other men,

IF YOU are an officer and a gentleman,

AND YOU have mussed up this floor,

AND IF you wanted to bleed,

WHAT DID you bleed on the floor for?"

AND WE said,

"IT WAS the lady who had the cut finger who had bled."

AND SHE said,

"OH!"

AND SNIFFED at us and went out,

AND WE fixed the finger the best we could

AND WENT back down stairs.

AND THERE was a lady there named Brown, and she said,

"I'M FROM Georgah,"

JUST LIKE that.

AND WE knew she was by the way she said it.

AND IT made us home sick, because she was just like kin folks

(WE ARE from Texas),

AND WE wanted to kiss her,

BUT DR. Cummings was looking at us,

AND WE didn't know whether

MRS. BROWN liked to kiss folks or not,

AND ANY way we didn't know how big Mr. Brown was,

SO WE didn't.

AND AFTER a while we went to work, all of us.

AND THE ladies helped,

AND THE J. W. B. girls helped.

(HONEST, THEM girls is some workers, believe me,

AND SOME lookers—I'll say they are),

AND MRS. Twichell said,

"COME OUT to the schools and make a speech."

AND WE spoke (just like we said Mary's Little Lamb
WHEN WE was a kid.)

AND THE kids all cheered us.

AND THEY had a fine band that played beautiful,

AND MRS. Twichell said,

"YOU DONE fine" (she likes to make folks feel good),

AND SHE took us up to the High School.

AND WE never saw anything like it before,

THINGS WAS run so smooth.

AND DR. North said,

"BOY, 'Howdy!"

AND THEN he turned us loose on the best

LOOKING BUNCH of boys and girls we ever saw.

AND WE made another speech (worse than the first),

AND EVERYBODY cheered.

AND MRS. Twichell said,

"HURRAH!" (poor Mrs. Twichell,

SHE'D MAKE a fine morale officer).

AND WE came back to town

AND THE WAR CAMP Community ladies said,

"DON'T YOU want samething to eat?"

AND YOU know what we said.

AND WE met lots and lots of nice folks,

AND THEY all helped us.

AND A TAG lady with a pretty hat helped us.

(THE LADY was just like the hat.)

AND SO it went from day to day.

AND WE got lots of subscriptions.

AND WE love all the Paterson folks we met.

AND WE will love all the rest of them if they'll meet us.

(IT AIN'T our fault we don't know 'em.)

AND PATERSON is good to everybody

THAT has on Uncle Sam's uniform,

WE WILL tell the world that.

AND IF you Paterson folks ever want anybody

TO FIGHT for you let us know.

WE THANK you.

W. P. B.

(With apologies to K. C. B.)

SHE'S MY GIRL

I got a letter

Yesterday,

An' it said

That she (she's my girl)—

An' it said

That she just heard

That I was in the hospital,

An' both

My arms were shot off.

An' she (she's my girl)—

An' she said

She was prostrated

An' that she'd

Take care of me

When I got back,

Dearest.

An' it was signed

Helen,

An' she's my girl,

An' I ain't

In the hospital,

An' both my arms

Are on.

But she

Can take care of me

When I get back.

An' besides,

I'll show her

That my arms

Ain't shot off

When I

Get home.

ELIZABETH FORD

We carried her over the sea, we did,
And taught her to hep, hep, hep,
A cute little jinny, all noisy and tinny,
But full of American pep.
Recruited into the corps she was—
She came of her own accord,
We flew at her spanker, the globe and the anchor,
And named her "Elizabeth Ford."

Cute little "Lizabeth," dear little "Lizabeth,"
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
She was short and squat, but her nose was sot,
For the Hindenburg line—O Lord!
She hated the Hun like a son-of-a-gun,
The Kaiser she plum abhorred,
Did spunky Elizabeth, hunky Elizabeth,
Chunky Elizabeth Ford.

We took her along on our hikes, we did,
A wonderful boat was she,
She carried physicians, feed and munitions,
Generals, water and tea.
She could climb a bank like a first rate tank,
And deliver the goods aboard,
When we touch our steel "Kellies," to Semper Fidelis,
Remember Elizabeth Ford.

Cute little "Lizabeth," dear little "Lizabeth,"
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
She took her rest in machine gun nests,
And on bullet-swept roads she chored.
Where the Devil-Hounds were first on grounds,
Of a section of France restored—
Why, there was Elizabeth, Chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford.

But 'twas on the day at those murder-woods,
Which the Yankee pronounced Beloo;
We were sent to knock silly, the hope of Prince Willie,
And turn 'em around D. Q.
We prayed for munition, and cleared our throats
With a waterless click—Good Lord,
When out of crater, with a bent radiator,
Climbed faithful Elizabeth Ford.

Cute little "Lizabeth," dear little "Lizabeth,"
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
With a cylinder-skip, she made the trip,
Water, the cartridge—stored,
With her hood a wreck, and broken neck,
She cracked like a rotten board,
Hunky Elizabeth, chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford.

When they towed her out of town next day,
Said Corporal Bill, "Look here,
I know of one hero, who shouldn't draw zero,
When they're passing the Croix de Guerre.
Who fed the guns that's startin' the Huns,
Plumb back to Canal Du Nord?"
So his cross—and he'd won it—he tied to the bonnet,
Of faithful Elizabeth Ford.

Cute little "Lizabeth," dear little "Lizabeth,"
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
Where shrapnel has mauled her, we've now overhauled her,
Her wheels and her gears restored,
Her record's clean, she's a true Marine,
And we're sending the Dutch War Lord,
A note by Elizabeth, chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford.

—Wallace Irwin.

DID YOU KNOW HIM?

Lloyd M. Frazier, Medical Detachment, 353rd Infantry, died at Base 116, Bazoilles, France. No other information concerning his death has been obtained. Any soldier knowing anything about his last days will confer a favor by communicating with his mother, Mrs. J. M. Frazier, Ft. Des Moines, Iowa.

FATTENING UP FOR MOTHER

Mother is going to get the jolt of her sweet life when sonny comes marching home.

Ever since her boy went over to France mother has spent not a little of her time leaning across the back fence and telling the lady next door how frightfully thin and scrawny and weak she just knew the war had made her darling. She was sure he had lost enough pounds of flesh to make an average sized man, and that he would come home looking like the shadow of his former self.

There was no doubt in mother's mind that the boy was not getting enough to eat, and wasn't it an outrage that the government permitted shipments of munitions, guns and such awful things to crowd out the packages of cookies, candy and lovely filling things which in the long run would win the war, and which every mother was so eager to send her boy?

Mother felt so impotent, and really it was a serious matter.

You little dear mother, you're in for a big surprise. Wait till the umpty 35 train rolls in, and they unload the baby. The excess freight charges will force you to take in washing for the rest of your life. And you'll have to do the trick twice to get your arms around sonny's frame. You'll find he isn't the welterweight he was when he shipped for the battlefields of France.

While you have been over here worrying about his physical condition sonny has been doing some scheming on the other side. He has framed up on you, mother. He knew you would weep if he should pull into the home town looking like a lead pencil.

The boy has been studying the eating problem with a view to getting himself in trim to meet you, mother. He has learned from authorities that *ouefs* and *fromage* are fattening, and that *pommes de terres* are strengthening. Consequently your pride and joy has been stuffing himself with these commodities. One would think to look at him that he was in training for a fat man's race, or that he had been ordered to serve as ballast for the troop ship.

You may as well tear up sonny's celluloid and linen collars. They wouldn't reach around his wrists now. And furthermore, mother, the boy is wearing that signet ring on a string about his neck. He had to take the ring off his finger before it was too late. He dreads amputations.

The boy hasn't grown north very much, but he has taken in a couple of hemispheres east and west. Truly, mother, it would be easier for him to roll than to walk.

Better had you call in some skilled mechanics who can reinforce the boy's favorite chairs, and it would be entirely within reason to put a prop or two under his bed.

You might just as well know it now as later, mother—the baby is fat. To give you his weight in figures would require computation too intricate for scribes. Sonny has spent this long time since the signing of the armistice fattening up for none other than you.

He does two things each day. First, he eats, and that takes most of the day—secondly, he sleeps—that is also conducive to taking on weight.

Fewer men will march abreast up Fifth avenue than marched down that wonderful rue—it just can't be done unless they widen the street.

If all else fails the boy can pose for beef trust cartoons. Look him over when you get him again, and see what the army has done for him among other things. The next time there is a war he'll be too fat to enlist.

Your boy isn't referred to as "Fat" because every other mother's son has assumed proportions equal to his.

C'est la guerre, mother.

—Leslie W. Rowland.

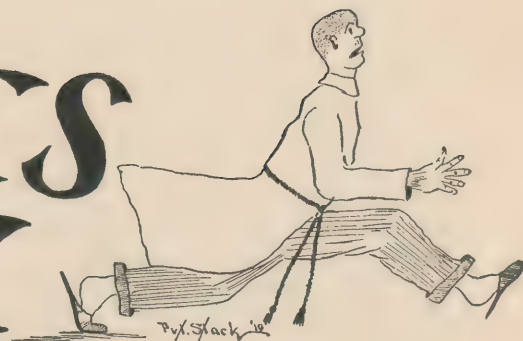
Furloughs were in order. "Every man who has a good reason for requesting a furlough, step forward."

"Company, halt!" the captain roared.—Everybody's.

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater gladness bring
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.—Exchange.



NURSES DOPE



THE ARMY NURSE

I am the Army Nurse, a present invention.
Comparatively, Caesar knew nothing about me;
Nor did Napoleon; Washington had not the honor of my
acquaintance;
Lincoln saw little of me, but Miles—Miles knew me.
I'm here to stay, for I'm Indispensable (with a capital I).
The War Department approves of me;
The Surgeon-General endures me;
The Hospital Staff adopts me; the officials tolerate me;
The boys "can't do without me." I dress their wounds;
I fix their medicines and make them take it.
I pet them, I smile on them, but I never flirt with them.
For rules forbid, and I always obey rules.
It isn't pie—this Army business.
I'm supposed to be an automatic machine wound up
For three years or duration of the war.
Never tired or sleepy or sick, never hungry or out of sorts;
Above all, never nervous, no matter what I see, hear or smell.
I am severe, unmoved, unconscious, attending only to my duties;
I am gentle as a lamb, patient as Job, wise as Solomon,
Strong as Samson, thick-skinned as a rhinoceros.
I am above all human weakness.
"I am an Army Nurse."
And so I go my steady way, until some day, like the one-horse
shay,
I shall suddenly, silently fade away, all at once,
And nothing first, just like a bubble when it bursts.

LAUGH

Laugh a little now and then.
It lightens life a lot.
You can see the funny side
Just as well as not.
Don't go mournfully around,
Gloomy and forlorn;
Try and make your fellow men
Glad that you were born.

Laugh a good deal if you can;
That is better still,
And you'll find occasion, too,
If you only will.
Laughing lightens labor some
When you have to strive;
Laugh and show the world
That you're glad that you're alive.

—Angela O'Reilly.

ETIQUETTE FOR OFFICERS AS THE NURSES SEE IT

1. Officers should always enter the bus first, especially when there is a group of nurses waiting.
2. On rainy days inside seats are reserved for officers. The nurses enjoy the rain.
3. Ward surgeons to have no conversation with the nurse in charge. All communications to be written and left on the desk.

4. Never offer a graduate nurse a chair; they DO enjoy standing.
5. When addressing a nurse, put your feet on the desk, lean back and be comfortable.
6. When an operation is to be performed never notify the operation room; it might be ready.
7. Never do dressings in the morning. The nurses enjoy doing them in the afternoon.
8. When addressing a nurse in charge of a ward never call her by name; just yell "Nurse" and see what happens.
9. Never ask a nurse about her patients; she might be able to give you some information.
10. If in doubt about the use of the two little words, "Please" and "Thank you," consult Webster, as these words are apparently becoming obsolete in the Army.
11. If you see any candy on the desk, help yourself, but don't ever bring any.
12. Whenever possible all cigarette ashes and cigar stubs are to be scattered around the desk, as it makes us feel at home.
13. When all is said and done and you come to the end of a busy day, bid the nurse "Good night" and smile. It costs so little.
14. Co-operation is needed. Any suggestions, rules or regulation for nurses will be cheerfully received and acted upon if possible.

ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO INVADED NURSES' QUARTERS ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK, OBTAINED FROM TESTIMONY GIVEN BY THOSE WHO SAW HIM:

SIZE—Tall, short, medium, stout, fat, skinny, 'n everything.
AGE—Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, two hundred, four hundred, five hundred and ten days.
COMPLEXION—Red, green, yellow, white, black, brown, strawberry, chocolate, vanilla, pepsin, bisque and pineapple.
EYES—Blue, green, yellow, demountable, crossed, closed, blacked, romantic, twinkling and sad.
CLOTHES—Hat, cap, silk hat, helmet, overseas cap, campaign hat, shawl and hair oil. Long coat, short coat, no coat, issue coat, officer's coat, overcoat, raincoat, sealskin coat. Pants—Dark, light, long, short, doubtful 24, with outlying precincts to be heard from. Tan shoes, dancing pumps, overshoes, rubbers. Charley Chaplin shoes. (Note: One witness said the man walked on his hands and she did not notice his shoes.)
GENERAL OPINION—(a) The man is deluded; (b) he is married and doesn't care what happens to him; (c) he smokes Meccas; (d) he believes what he sees in the movies; (e) he had had midnight chow at the detachment mess.—Over Here.

NURSES SOCIAL NOTES

The nurses who have left us this month are as follows: Misses Gertrude J. Austin, to her home in Westminster, Pa.; Marie Adams, home in Monroe, N. Y.; Marion E. Bidwell, Glastonburg, Conn.; Cleo E. Ford, Cario, Mich.; Vero Foy, New

York city; Jane A. Gorman, Madrid, N. Y.; Dorothy Law, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Anna Miller, So. Norwalk, Conn.; Olive E. Winter, Wilkensburg, Pa.; Mary Ford, Pittsfield, Mass.; Marcella G. Gaffney Leominster, Mass.; Alice A. Galligan, Mt. Morris, N. Y.; Elizabeth McIlmoyle, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Etta J. Clark, Cheshire, Conn.; Anna R. Murphy, Hoboken, Pa.; Catherine Scully, Genesee, N. Y.

On the evening of June 9 and June 28 the nurses gave a uniform dance at the Nurses' Red Cross House on Maple Street. The music on both occasions was furnished by the Cooks' and Bakers' band. Both affairs were successfully attended. Refreshments were served, being that same national favorite—ice tea. Everyone seemed to have spent an enjoyable evening at both dances.

NOTES FOR THE MESS-KIT

The Base Hospital Supervisor, Miss Florence Ronan, also known as "Rough Rider," is leaving on a much-needed vacation. How do you get that way, Flossie? We understand Miss Ronan is to accept a position as a Chief Surgeon on a poultry farm when she is relieved from service.

Will the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. please donate a Webster dictionary to Lieut. Stearns? He then could improve his valuable time by learning to spell "khaki" instead of annoying his nurse in Ward 31 by telephone calls.

July 4, 1919, will always bring pleasant memories to a few of our nurses and officers who held a picnic at Clinton Point. About the hour of eating the party seemed rather depressed owing to the fact two of our guests were A. W. O. L. and all enjoyed a hearty repast. The day being extremely warm, every one enjoyed the cool breezes of the Hudson and pronounced the picnic a very great success. Those present were: Misses Benoit, Ronan, Osborn, Mader, Hanson and Hoffmeier, Captains Tatum and Gorkey, and Lieuts. Christy, Wilcox, Barnes and Sevilla.

We are all wondering where the Sanitary Headquarters are, the Administration Building or Ward 32?

SMILING HUMAN ROSES

Human Roses? Why they're nurses, and the name is well applied—

You appreciate the meaning when a bullet's in your hide,
And you make the biggest gamble for the better or the worse,
And you're comforted and cared for by a kindly army nurse.
I have seen the famous beauties on the screen and on the stage:
Those who get their pictures printed on a magazine's front page,
Those who dress up nice and pretty in the latest Paris clothes;
But I never met an angel till I met a Human Rose.

I'm not saying that they're beauties, gay and dainty butterflies,
With the love me, you can't help it, I have got you in their eyes,
Who know how to play a fellow and set his heart aflame,
Who can charm and eye you silly at the famous vamping game,
Not the Kipling-hated siren of the Cleopatra sort,
Who drove a king and princes crazy for a little bit of sport,
Not the kind who have in waiting forty-seven ardent beaux,
But a real red-blooded woman is the smiling Human Rose.

They're just women, earnest women, working hard amidst the strife,

Whose religion and whose motto is the saving of a life.
I have seen them ply their mission when the deadly shot and shell
Make you think you were with Dante on that little jaunt through hell;

I have seen them show the courage of a devil buccaneer,
When the pit of death was yearning and when danger hovered near.

I'd be in the mystic region, where the dead one always goes
But for one true, earnest woman, for one smiling Human Rose.

You can't understand the feeling of a soldier when he lies
Deep within the gloomy shadows with the death look in his eyes,
With a patient nurse beside him holding off the poisoned breath
And the bony, clutching fingers of the black-robed God of Death,



When you have a sort of feeling that you've seen your final day
And her tender care has saved you—it's a debt you can't repay.
That's the time a fellow softens—heartstrings working, I suppose—

And he thanks the great Creator for the smiling Human Rose.

I'm not sentimental, brother; I'm not a lady's man;
Never made a hit with women—don't suppose I ever can.
But they have a way of smiling and a way of easing pain
That encourages a fellow to get shrapnelized again;
They're the kind you'd go to hell for, straight to hell and then
twice through,
For the blessings that they shower, for the things they do for you.

Like a river to the ocean, in the spring my feelings flow
In most thankful admiration to the smiling Human Rose.

When you're over there with Pershing, answering to Duty's call,
Just to meet that kind of woman makes a man revere them all.
Sherman never was mistaken—war is hell—but then it seems
That it often leaves a fellow pleasant memories and dreams,
And a picture of a patient, kindly army nurse
In my memory will linger from this life's destroying curse.
I can't pay them what I owe them, but the great Almighty knows
That I reverence the presence of a smiling Human Rose.

WRITTEN BY AN EX-PATIENT.

WELCOME HOME, GIRLS!

Miss Harriet Whitney, from Base Hospital No. 64, A. E. F.; Miss Katherine H. Kleber, Base Hospital No. 101, A. E. F.; Miss Elizabeth M. Fetzman, Camp Hospital No. 30, A. E. F.; Miss Mary E. Arthur, Evacuation Hospital No. 19, A. E. F., have just returned from over seas and reported to Camp Merritt Base Hospital for duty.

Girls, we are glad to see you. It's fine to once more shake the hand (ahem!) of those with whom we starved, froze, worked, played and fought the battle generally OVER THERE.

May your shadows never grow less, nor your new silk stockings work out at the toes.

MY NURSE

Who keeps me in my little bed,
When I'd rather bum around instead?

The Nurse.

Who pulls my bunk apart each day?
And smiles in that provoking way?

The Nurse.

Who jumps on me for surreptitious smoking,
And threatens awful things; no joking.

The Nurse.

Who comes and says, "Drink this and that,"
And watches me just like a cat?

The Nurse.

Who loads me up with ice-bags when I'm hot,
And then hot-water bottles just because I'm not?

The Nurse.

Who wakes me from my happy dreams?
Those blasted temperatures, it seems.

The Nurse.

Who creeps in softly at dead of night?
To see that everything's all right?

The Nurse.

Who always treats me on the level,
Although I often raise the devil?

The Nurse.

Who by her kindness smiles away my sorrows
And makes me think of bright to-morrows?

The Nurse.

Who is it that I'll ne'er forget
When "Thank the Lord, I'm home, you bet"?

The Nurse.

—From *The Ward Healer*.

BERRY HOUSE KITCHEN

Where the good eats come from. If you would like to know how the kitchen is run ask Midget for between her and Cook Beckwith they keep things hot all the time, but of course Patsy is nothing behind, only when it comes to getting up in the morning.

Pvt. Polpe is always on hand but that is only hand shaking. But for the dish washers it would be a shame to tell on them. But our meat carver is some carving kid. Look out! you guys coming around the kitchen looking for a hand-out, she'll get you. But for Georgia Lopez leave it to her for taking care of the phonograph so that it won't play after 9 P. M. As for little Eva (Foster) the only thing that gets by him is the wind but I think he puts half of it away so that no one else can get any. And he is there when it comes to putting out the good chow for the nurses. Pvt. Patsy Hogan was holding a private meeting with a bunch about his running shoes when Miss Moore came in the kitchen and to Patsy's surprise a well known voice sang out: "Yes Pat you always have them on when there is work to do," at which Pat ran to his bunk. Any information leading to the missing fruit will be appreciated by the cooks, Foster and Beckwith. And as for the missing pies ask some of the nurses. As for our fireman who is always on the job he can answer for some of our missing food as he is always asleep and never asks about anything to eat.

A NOCTURNAL SERENADE

It's been said that music hath charms that quiet the savage breasts or words to that effect, but evidently the charm wasn't working according to regulations on the evening of July 3rd, 1919.

On the fateful night about 10:15 when most of the inmates of the Night Nurses Quarters had done their hair in curl papers and retired to pleasant dreams of "Shave-Tails" they were rudely awakened from their slumbers by the strains of "Rubenstein's Melody in F" issuing forth from the Recreation Room.

The ensuing yowls and cat calls emitted by the now thoroughly awakened inmates may or may not have reached the ears of the fair pianist for she played on undaunted.

Finally, unable to stand the torture any longer, Miss McHale crept softly up the corridor to ascertain whom the night serenader might be and upon seeing Miss Bowling exclaimed, "Oh, is it you?"—and then the retort. "Yes" and Miss McHale fled. She was followed closely by Miss Bowling who vented her wrath at each and every door by a repetition of the retort "courteous." Seeing a light in the room occupied by Miss Marg. Moak, whose nation wide reputation as a sound sleeper has never been refuted, Elizabeth, the Housekeeper, remarked, "Why you awakened Miss Moak and she's such a nice girl," whereupon Miss Bowling took a fresh breath and started all over again. Fearing lest she might do her tormentors bodily harm during the wee small hours "Miss Bowling" crawled thru a window and proceeded to spend the remainder of the night on the court. It is reported that Miss Bowling found it necessary to resort to various remedies noted for their soothing and healing qualities for scratches and bruises. La La Miss Bowling! Courts are not very conducive to pleasant dreams.

ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM TELLS AN INTERESTING WAR STORY

Activities of the Medical Department of the Army and developments attained in medicine, surgery and sanitation are strikingly portrayed in an official exhibition now being held at the Army Medical Museum in Washington, under the direction of the Surgeon General by authority of the Secretary of War. Models, figures, wax casts, charts and photographs present in a forceful manner what was accomplished by the medical department in looking after the health of troops in camp, how they were treated when stricken on the battlefields of France, and how they are now being physically reconstructed in army hospitals for return to civil pursuits. An interesting collection of firearms, some of models dating back to 1500, together with various articles captured from the Germans on the battlefields, alongside of cases of wax models showing the effect of mustard gas burns and pneumonia infected lungs taken during the late epidemic, and models of ice boxes, incinerators, shower baths, grease traps, etc., used in keeping the camps clean, are outstanding features. Then there are Mr. and Mrs. "Cootie," the pesky trench louse which caused you hospital boys so much trouble in France, in the exhibit showing the delousing process of getting rid of them. The latest model X-ray, used with great success in treating the wounded on the battlefield and which generates its own electric power, and the bedside type enabling the surgeon to locate foreign substances without moving the patient, is on view. A glimpse of home hospitals, including one at Camp Sherman, Ohio, which is considered the best type developed, and a model of one of our Civil War hospitals, showing the advance in hospital construction, is also given, and diagrams of the proposed medical center at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, are on display.

The exhibit shows how the Surgeon General keeps his finger on the health pulse of the army; how typhoid and malaria have been conquered, and the advance in surgical instruments from the Civil War to this late war. The work being done to restore the wounded and disabled so they can return to civil pursuits is strikingly portrayed in the Division of Physical Reconstruction section of the exhibit. Hundreds of articles, including toys, basket work, jewelry, etc., which have been made by patients in army hospitals, are shown in this exhibit. The manner of measuring the intelligence of both officers and men by psychological tests, and successful treatment applied to "shell shock" patients are also shown. If you happen to be in Washington any time soon it will interest you to drop in at the museum and look over some of the exhibits growing out of the war which are on view.

Rumor has it that our wide-awake barracks orderly, "Kid De George," is endeavoring to promote a ten-round boxing exhibition between John Christian, "The Tennessee Whirlwind," and Jess Willard, to be held on the parade ground Labor Day. It would be "Jess" like Willard to pass it up.

How do they get away with it? While the Captain is making his rounds they are all sick but as soon as he leaves they are out playing ball. Ask Sgt. Kinney, he knows.

A HISTORY OF U. S. A. BASE HOSPITAL,
CAMP MERRITT, N. J.

By Major Jesse I. Sloat, M. C., U. S. A.

PART IV
SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
DEPARTMENT OF DENTISTRY

Organization

The Dental Department of the Base Hospital began what was to prove a service of utmost value in the big business of fitting men in the United States Army for immediate overseas duty on November 25, 1917, in a single room of the building now occupied as officers' quarters on Madison Avenue, with a portable, or field outfit of three chairs, in charge of Lieut. Frank de S. Tucker, assisted by Lieuts. Gabriel F. Gurley and Thomas B. Allen. The room served the double purpose of operating and waiting room. There was much work to be done and the dental staff was constantly busy from daylight to dark.

New Quarters

On January 5, four days in advance of the opening of the Base Hospital, the new quarters were ready for occupancy, and the Dental Department moved into the Head Surgery Building adjoining the Laboratory. Here a waiting room, used in common by the patients of three departments—Head Surgery, Dentistry and X-Ray—was available. The proximity of these departments proved a matter of mutual benefit, a diagnosis often claiming the assistance of all three branches of the service. The base outfit of three chairs, compressed steel dental cabinets, air compressor and attachments, electrical dental engines and complete laboratory equipment, was then installed, and the Dental Department began its work of caring for a clinic that more than taxed the resources of the commissioned and enlisted personnel throughout the summer.

Personnel

On September 15, 1918, Lieut. Frank de S. Tucker, Chief of the Dental Department, was assigned to duty at Fort Snelling, Lieut. James B. Mann arriving a week later to take charge of the Base Hospital Dental Staff. On November 9, 1918, Lieuts. Thomas Dugan and Hugh J. Ryan, with their enlisted dental assistants, arrived, bringing the total of the personnel to five commissioned officers and six enlisted men. The weight of the work, however, it should be said, was borne throughout the summer when the commissioned personnel was limited to the original three officers, who were on duty from the inception of the dental service in November, 1917.

Statistics

A total of 4,853 patients were given dental treatment at the Base Hospital up to November 1, 1918, covering 7,815 sittings. Cases included osteomyelitis, necrosis of both superior and inferior maxilla, impacted teeth, diseased antrums, infections of the soft tissues, Vincent's angina, practically all forms of stomatitis, and many fractures of the mandible. The dental laboratory was kept busy providing artificial dentures for limited service men of the Fire and Guard Company stationed at Camp Merritt, and for men of various organizations who had been rejected for overseas duty on account of missing teeth. Many who had been rejected for this cause were passed on re-examination after receiving dental treatment at the Base Hospital.

The New Infirmary

Should it be found advisable to carry to completion the proposed Camp Merritt Dental Infirmary to take care of the dental work needed by transient troops, the Base Hospital Dental Department would then be in a position to devote itself to its proper duties, the taking care of the teeth and mouth of every patient admitted to the Base Hospital, and covering the dental needs of the entire hospital personnel, officers, nurses and enlisted men. The work of the medical and surgical services of the Base Hospital would be materially assisted by this thorough preliminary examination of all patients determining possible foci of infection. Throughout the summer of 1919, operating with its very limited personnel, the Dental Department of the Base Hospital took care of the needs of its patients, its enlisted and commissioned personnel, and also attended to the dental work needed by fully one-half of the troops passing through the camp.

(To be continued)

Summing Up

During its life of something less than one year it appears that the Laboratory at Camp Merritt Base Hospital has accomplished something noteworthy in the form of growth, service and knowledge gained for the benefit of all. In no department of the hospital service has the spirit of splendid team-work been more evident than in the Laboratory Department, its last contribution taking the form of inaugurating a plan whereby, at this writing, November 1, 1918, one man of the enlisted personnel shall be on duty day and night continuously in order that no emergency can arise at any time to find the Laboratory incapable of attention and service. Of the Laboratory service, as of the Medical service and the surgical service it may be said that a strongly welded force has met its obstacles and overcome them.

(To be continued)

CAPT. SHAFFER TO EASE TROUBLES OF ALL
SOLDIERS

Any soldier now out of the service who has doubts concerning the honesty of the United States Government, because it withheld his allotment from his people after he had signed away large parts of his \$30 a month, may get justice and a speedy cash settlement of his difficulties over at the Port of Debarkation, Hoboken.

Captain Rexford Shaffer, U. S. A., insurance officer at the big army station, announces that he is prepared to tackle any and all allotment troubles and smooth them out without delay.

As soon as the necessary information is supplied Captain Shaffer himself goes to Washington to straighten out a batch of allotment tangles at the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, or, in cases of great need, can generally arrive at a solution over the long distance telephone.

FIRST TO ARRIVE AND TO DIE, BUT LAST
TO LEAVE

The first soldiers of our army to reach Europe early in 1917 were members of the Medical Department. The first casualties we sustained in this war were among members of the Medical Department. On September 4, 1917, a German airplane bombed our Base Hospitals Nos. 12 and 15, which were attached to several British general hospitals. In this attack a first lieutenant and three privates of the Medical Department were killed and three lieutenants and six privates wounded. Citations by the War Department of distinguished service crosses and medals for extraordinary heroism in action have included both officers and men of the Medical Corps. The Army Nurse Corps lived up to their high traditions of courage and devoted sacrifice at the front and in the hospitals on this side of the Atlantic, and are now aiding as faithfully in the work of reconstruction and restoration. For them, as for the men of the Medical Department, remains the task of cleaning up the job. It is no small honor to have been first to arrive and last to depart; faithful unto death. Good work is never lost. All things pass and are forgotten, except one thing, the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.

NEXT YEAR

The cartoonists and woman's page illustrators may do their very worst. Let them show rich girls, poor girls, pretty girls and cute girls abandoning the fellows that stayed at home and welcoming the returning heroes in khaki. Let them indicate plainly that the girls pass up everybody in favor of the soldierly homecomers. It is good stuff. It is the thing to do. But—next year you will find the girls back at the same old stand, watching for the young men with a bank account.

"A woman regards a title of nobility superior to one of military rank," declares a London editor. Of course, that may be a London view, but we would rather be a he American, winning the grand old title of colonel in politics or war, than to be a she American winning a ladyship by marrying a spindle-shanked, rattle-jointed old earl who maneuvers with marriage to replenish his supply of Scotch licker and plug cut.

Harry Goldstein

JEWISH WELFARE BUILDING



THOSE THREE, CHEERS.

10 The Jewish Welfare
BOARD of PATERSON

64
 Rt. HENRY GOLDMAN
 CAMP MERRITT
 NEW JERSEY
 1919

GIVE US OUR JOBS BACK OR TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE STARS

In a neighboring city is a mercantile organization which to-day proudly displays its two service stars, to show to the public how *self-sacrificing* this store has been. Out of its little group of employes it gave up two boys to fight for *Uncle Sam*.

But if justice and truth had their way that service flag would be torn down by indignant hands and that firm would lose most of its trade. For, as events have shown, their self-sacrifice was hypocrisy.

If service flags are to remain up in these days, they should point to the *second half* of business patriotism—the readiness to *take back* the soldiers who were given up. The two boys represented by these particular stars came home recently, honorably discharged. They asked for their old jobs back—the jobs whose loss the firm still piously and patriotically proclaimed by their service flag. But the returning soldiers were turned down—others had their places. They left that store discouraged and without plans—to look for work some place where service flags do not wave to tell of a firm's patriotism and self-sacrifice. But the service flag with its stars still remains.

Employers should realize that to boast of the army record of their employes, and then to turn the boys out when they return to them, is the kind of patriotism that has made the Pharisees famous. Such patriots are whited sepulchres wearing service stars—inwardly they are full of dead men's bones and corrupt selfishness.

Take your flag down if you don't intend to take your employes back. We've got our eye on you.

One day last Week
I saw a Lad coming Along
The road in Front of The
Receiving Ward and he Looked
All rookified and Everything
And his blouse Hit him
At his knees and his Leggings
Were on the Wrong legs
And he wore his Campaign
Hat like he used to
Wear those little checked
Caps when he was
A "civvy" and it looked
Like He had it Hung
On a Peg on the
Side of his head and
He was Taking a
Full thirteen Inch step
And if anybody In this man's
Army ever Looked
Like a rookie He did and
When he Came
Closer I asked him how
Old he Was and He
Said twenty and I
Asked him how
Long he had Been
In the army
And he said Two
Years and It certainly
Does beat all
The way These
Little chaps Think
They fool Folks
And I thank You.

BILL TO PAY DISABLED VETERANS \$100 A MONTH

By Universal Service.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—Senator Moses, New Hampshire, has introduced a bill providing for a compensation of \$100 per month to all soldiers of the present war who are totally disabled, during the period of their total disability.

In addition, the bill provides an allowance up to \$20 a month for the employment of an attendant.

NO FURLONGS FOR US

A well dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sir."

"Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough?"

"No, boss, it was a sho' nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah staid too 'long."

GONE: John Barleycorn.

GOING: 2.75 per cent and Ye Demon Nicotine.

Have you tried the merry-go-round at Palisade Park since July the First? The sensation of twelve rides is said to be equal to five Scotch highballs. The tired business man may be pleased to know that he may buy season tickets.

What started the fire the other morning at five o'clock? Such an unheard of hour in the morning to get us up. It was bad enough to get up and dress and then sit on our bunks until recall, but there wasn't any recall. Such injustice. Cpl. "Dizzy" Hazard is said to have gone nuts as soon as the bell rang, as he had forgotten all of his instructions, and even Sgt. Rouleau snubbed him when "Diz" told him about the fire by saying, "Ain't that too bad."

NOW THAT THE WAR IS OFFICIALLY OVER, WE WANNA GO HOME.

Sgt. 1/c Howard of the Service Record Office has at last shaken the dust of the army from his shoes and gone home. The lure of the soil was too much. On the day following his discharge he was seen in New York loaded down with farming implements. Rather a wise way to spend his Sixty Bucks.

Harry Maumas has received his discharge and returned to his home in California. On the eve of the all-important event some person or persons shaved the down from one side of Harry's upper lip, thereby divesting Harry of all his personal charm. Eight long months to accomplish it and it was wrecked in five minutes. The MESS-KIT sympathizes with you, Harry.

We have a wonderful ball team. When they are playing croquet.

HEROES AND HATCORDS

The more or less veiled reproach often made to enlisted men of the medical department early in the war, to the effect that they were not of as strong fighting blood or of as hardy endurance as their fellow soldiers wearing the red and blue hatcords, and therefore could not belong to the aristocracy of real fighters, has died down since stock has been taken of the work which each branch of the service accomplished at the front.

The long line of "medics" decorated for heroism has spoken eloquently of the red-blooded bravery of these men. And very occasionally we find an incident like the following, which shows how neither the ancient Greek warrior nor the modern American infantryman holds a monopoly on the virtues of the brave men.

"Pvt. 1st Class Geo. D. Rosenberger, M.D., 311th Inf., with another soldier advanced to an exposed position and were administering first aid to a wounded man when suddenly surrounded and captured by a party of the enemy. While being taken toward the German lines, Rosenberger and his companion attacked their captors and succeeded in freeing themselves, at the same time capturing two Germans whom they brought to Battalion headquarters together with the wounded men."

Such acts as this, from the battlefields of 1918, speak not only for the qualities of the soldier in the medical department, but form a real part of that tremendous story of heroism which characterizes the war, in so many different fields of the struggle. No, the brave man has not disappeared since modern "effete civilization" came in. On the contrary, a thousand heroic acts from all branches of our army shout out the virility and constancy of the modern, prosaic-looking soldier.

WARD NOTES

WARD 9

There was a man named Johnson,
And good clothes he did adore.
So he went into the city,
And called in every store.

At last he met a Hebrew,
Who was having a great sale.
So he listened to the Hebrew,
While the Hebrew told his tale.

He told Johnson of a suit,
He had for an officer who died,
And once again assured him,
That he never told a lie.

Now the suit was surely classy,
This we will admit.
But if you will listen closely,
I'll tell you how it fit.

Johnson was quite anxious
To buy the dead man's clothes.
Why he didn't try them on,
We only can suppose.

The pants were made for Taft,
No doubt when he was President.
While Johnson is a slim lad,
And in the shoulders slightly bent.

The coat was tight in places,
Mostly in the back.
But there wasn't many places,
Where they could spare a little slack.

Now, Johnson when you marry,
And we hear that it may be soon.
Let your wife do all the shopping
While you stay in your room.

Sgt. John A. Murphy, 401 Tel. Bat.

WARD 24

WANTED—Boarders. Up to date hotel. All modern improvements. Outdoor sports such as bathing and fishing (In a bathtub), hunting (for beans in soup). Indoor sports, Card playing, all kinds such as, If I win, I play; if I lose I swear off, checkers and everything. Sight seeing trips—Dancing with real chickens at Paterson and neighboring towns. Some chickens, Buhlieve muh, especially at Little Ferry. Ask Pettitt, he knows. Exhibition dancing by Nicola Rieci who is an expert at the Hula Hula and the "Shimmy." His side line is tailoring. Any pants to press or have you a pressing engagement for this evening?" Music, All the latest records as, "In the good old summer time," "I'm afraid to come home in the dark," That's why Pettitt waits and comes home in the daylight with the milkman. Smokes and ice cream handed out once a week free gratis. The Captain in charge of resort will see that all boarders stay in bed until 10 A. M. What could be sweeter? For further particulars apply Ward 24.

WARD 22

What we want to know.

Why Serg. Rowan was so sure that he would win his bet of four bits on Willard and when he saw he didn't bet just right, why we haven't seen him since as he has had a hundred passes since then. What was the reason?

If Casey got away with work while Mrs. Harris was on the job. And why he had to go over his work so much.

WARD 26

With our broadened perspective we look about and see our own fair land defiled with profiteers; rich profiteers who have multiplied their millions, and poor profiteers who will charge a returning soldier twenty-five cents for a five cent article, and whose activities are limited only by their working capital.

We find Bolshevism and Anarchy growing at an alarming rate, while our unpreparedness was exploited by the Ring Politician. We find many things that don't just seem to fit with our new ideals.

Calmly reflecting, as we wait for our final discharge, we wonder if we have not been so busy in our pursuit of happiness and the Almighty Dollar, that we have neglected the upkeep of that greatest of institutions, The Home.

Here we recognize that the main structure needs roof repair, there is a damaged shutter, broken window panes to be replaced, even the plaster in the "Comfy room" is getting ragged, and Horrors, as we continue our survey, we find that the very foundation is threatened by the decay of Bolshevism.

Looks like we were going to find a man sized job awaiting us.
W. E. Harris, Ward 26.

WARD 12

Inspiration confined to one's person without an outlet has many times proven serious to the victim. Hence the writer has the desire to relieve his that weighty burden from a tired and worried cranium.

In behalf of the patients of this ward, numbering about 25, the writer wishes to express sincere appreciation of the care and treatment bestowed upon us by the worthy personnel.

To a casual visitor the ward gives the appearance of the utmost sanitation, combined with an abundance of cheerfulness.

Capt. O'Malley, Ward Surgeon, at all times gives his close and individual attention to his patients and with his presence, cheer and optimism reign supreme. This latter probably appeals more to the patient as no application of medical attention would.

Good management always brings desired results, and in this we give due credit to our head nurse Mrs. Kelly. She is an untiring worker and at all times in sincere interest of her patients. In her absence the honor bestows itself upon Miss Dwyer, who efficiently discharges her duties. In adding to the feminine personnel of this ward we wish to add the names of Misses Jensen, Brown, Hunter, Waft and Powers. The latter has the distinction of supervising during the slumbering hours.

Last but far from least is our congenial wardmaster, Davidson, and his staff, Hoggarty, Landon and Mead, have proved themselves able assistants at all times obedient to the wardmaster's orders.

None but a patient can fully appreciate the home-like care and the boys feel very grateful for the attention they have received.

A Patient.

WARD 27

The Prehistoric Cooties

(New adaptation of the shortest poem ever written)

Adam had 'em.

It's hard to part, and ain't it better to love a nurse and not to get her?

WARD 29

Wardmaster Brown, why don't you have that wart removed on the back of your neck while in the hospital?

Patient. Nothing doing, when I get the Civvies on it will save the price of a collar button.

Notice: Suit Sale Saturday 9.00 A. M.

Size 12, pinch black, short sleeves and bloomers, suitable for Boy Scouts' outing, tramping or boating. In time of emergency with a few safety pins could be used for swimming. Apply for further details:

Elmo Johnson,
Bed 29, Ward 9.

Make your own price and get a bargain.

WARD 2

Over the Sea and across the bay to New Jersey.

A natural suggestion from Ward 2.

During the celebration of the 4th at the parade grounds, sev-

eral of the patients of this ward were standing in back of some pretty girls who were also watching the celebration. Suddenly a rifle volley crashed out. With a surprised little scream some of the girls shrank back into the arms of the young men behind them.

"Oh," cried the blushing young girls, "we were frightened by the rifles, I beg your pardon." "No need," the young men said, "let us go over there and watch the artillery."

WARD 1

The Willard-Dempsey fight has been a subject for discussion during the past few days. One of our nurses and our news-boy (who by the way is her devoted admirer) made a bet on the affair which read that the loser was to procure a peanut and was to roll said peanut from the front to the back door of the ward using a broom handle as propeller. The nurse was for Dempsey and the other party for Willard, so needless to relate said other party was S. O. L. All nurses and patients were on deck early next morning to see the wonderful feat performed, but just here comes the saddest part of our tale. Said peanut mentioned in the first chapter was unobtainable. All nearby stores have been ransacked without success. So will some kind reader of this article try peanut hunting awhile, and if they meet with success and bring the desired peanut to this ward they will be honored with a box seat to witness the performance.

WARD 30

Red, White and Blue.

1. Red were your lips
As I pressed them to mine
Warm was your tender heart
Sweeter than wine.
2. White were your soft cheeks
Wet with your tears
Tears born of sorrows
And womanly fears.
3. Blue with the blueness
Of night skies and seas
With the eyes of the woman
God gave to me.

End. By Ward Master.

WARD 17

On leaving France on the transport Ryndan and arriving in Camp Merritt on the night of June 29th it was our good fortune to be assigned to Ward 17, where we have been a very happy family ever since.

The daily routine is as follows:

All hands on deck at 7 A. M. with plenty of soap and water to scrub what is left of our manly countenances.

Then we proceed to the Mess Hall which is as neatly arranged as anything of its kind in the U. S. Army, wholesome food and good service.

After breakfast we have a course in the manly art of making beds with the eagle eye of a nurse upon us. We thought that after leaving the Rhine we had bedmaking down to perfection, but after listening to our nurse for one hour and twenty-five minutes with only six pieces of material to work with, some of the gang thought their training was very limited.

No sooner than this is accomplished than up pops the ward-master, commonly called Game Warden, with a broom, and starts instructing us how to disengage a radiator from a number of things that collect in and around same. He states that a soldier can hide more stuff in a small space than a civilian can under the Brooklyn Bridge.

Next come the passes to all places of amusement for 24 hours and you sure can enjoy yourself in the Gay Sights. You have heard much about the battle of Paris, well, we have man-

aged to serve several real ones at the front but he who lives through the battle of life of little old New York and Coney Island is sure going the gait that kills. A proof of this is a verse composed by one of the boys of the A. E. F. just returned from France:

Here's to the girls of gay Patee
Who taught me to say "petite cheree"
She learned our dance and learned our songs
And taught me French that was all par baune.
She greeted me with a cheery smile
That cheered me up for a heck of a while
But after all say what you may
I'll take my girls in the U. S. A.

Written by Sgt. Donnelly, an old sniper who has seen twenty years service in the U. S. Army and Corporal Sucky Pleasant, a former deputy sheriff of Center, Shelby, Co., Texas.

WARD 18

Wager, that's all. None needs to ask any more. Everyone knows Wager on duty in 18. That's enough, he's blind in both ears but that doesn't matter. He's a nice boy. He said he should have been in the Navy. And then there's Laughing Red Brown one of New York's own. He's shell shocked but he won't admit it. His pal Brouillette won't admit he is a Frog, but he comes from North Adams, Mass. Isn't that enough? Kelly, the animal trainer has a pair of "dogs" that don't treat. "Crutchy" Loret from Manchester, Vermont, comprenez." Magapna, West Hazelton, Pa., Lichtel of Philadelphia. He was gassed and the poor fellow can't talk louder than a fog horn. Ward, from Kansas City, Kan., he tried to dive in a two foot lake, but the bottom was covered with something that wasn't feathers. Now he's nursing a badly gashed wrist. And then there's our Mac from Hoboken, Puzzle, why do all the ladies like Mac? LaDassor, he is "Sunkist" from California. He used to feed locomotives before the "breeze" blew him into the Army. Waterfill, Lawrenceburgh, Kaintucky, "Moonshine" Oh! how I miss thee. Burnett, Oklahoma, "Peeing Bob" got an eye full. McCue, from Buffalo, N. H., Mac got his lifting things he could not carry. Barz—Sleeping in the "drink" put him here. Now he can tell when it is going to rain.

WARD 10

Sgt. Lewis was discharged last week from this ward but is back in his old bunk again. Who is it that possesses the magnetic power?

Williams is also back carrying his cane, altho it is his arm that has been operated on.

"Lucky Baldwin" got a pass some time ago but must have lost it as they haven't let him thru Camp Merritt gates yet. We fear he will have to pass thru other gates when he arrives.

We have a champion in our midst, "Dempsey is one of our patients. His winning fight however has been against "Empey."

Keller with his crutches and Baldwin with his arm in a sling were taken to Paterson to a show by the Red Cross. Upon entering the theatre the "house" broke into loud applause. God Bless Our Heroes of the Argonne. (Some camouflage boys.)

We note in the last issue of the Mess-Kit that some of the officers are at a loss to know why some of the patients sleep until 11:30 every morning. Ask some of them at Ward 28.

Hick, "Were you a veteran in the A. E. F.?"
Mick, "No, only an American exiled to France."

Pvt. Anderson is thinking that he is affected with appendicitis. But the diagnosis proved to be Cognacitis.

Serg. Cassidy and Pvt. Rhodes had a motor cycle race in Germany.

Result, Patients, Ward 28.

Pvt. Porter has a bum eye for discharges.

Pvt. West has learned to "Shimmy" since he has landed in Ward 27.

We have no flies in Ward 28. Pvt. Owczazvzak scares them away.

Miss Mann, the Night Nurse, keeps herself company by waking the patients before sunrise.

WARD 34

Ward Slogan: When Do We Get Out

Our wardmaster returned last Tuesday A. M. after attending the wake of John Barleycorn; it sure must have been an Irish affair as we found the impression on his head after taking inventory.

Johnson: (who has very little hair on his head) to barber, "I think I ought to get a hair cut for half price." Barber, "You mean I should charge double price considering that I have to hunt for it."

Now Ward 34 is not a hotel by no means

But the boys when they leave it

Come back, so it seems.

There is Mahen and Franks and also Vance

Who always claim they never had a chance

But they like it so well in this dear place to dwell

They feel right at home—just why I can't tell

Now's there's Shirling and Dahlke, Hussey, Morton and Sharpe

Farson, Williams and Snow, also Scannell and Layden

Just back from the front

Who got here in time

To try the same stunt.

WARD 3-D DAYS

I am going away on a leave that starts tomorrow,

You may know that it is not in scenes of sorrow.

With my little nurses I am thru

And calcium lactate you go to *—?

And every patient old and new

I have to say goodbye to you.

Goodbye all my 3-d days

Farewell all my 3-D days

Oh! the wonderful life with all my pals

Oh! the wonderful taste of sodium Sal;

I'll have to say adieu to you

You've been awfully hard on me,

I've seen all I care to see

You have taken the life blood from my heart

But even the worst of friends must part.

So goodbye all my 3-D days.

Selected

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WARD 2

One day one of the nurses of this ward was trying to get one of her "Gold Brick" patients out of bed, wanted to know why they didn't get up. Some of the boys remarked, "This is like home." "How is that?" the nurse asked. "Well we get plenty to eat, no work and have not received our last month's allowance."

Certainly is too bad that our ward is so far away from the rest. Our boys are so bashful. Nearly all that attended the dance at Paterson were wall flowers for the girls could not get the boys from their seats. But one of the boys was telling the nurse the next morning how all the girls went wild over him. Wonder who he is?

Money also seems to be a question in our ward and a certain fellow was asked to lend one of his pals a dollar. He seemed insulted and said that he wasn't keeping the army. Bet he left a bunch of debts in France and that is the reason why he is careful with his own money.

It isn't the Sergeant and Corporal that are dizzy. A certain nurse sewed an S. O. S. insignia up side down the other day.

WARD 3

Lost. Our Wardmaster. Oh, my! What a loss. We won't know what it is like not to have any one coming in a five A. M. unable to walk and oh dear, what a big head about 8 A. M. This

only happens about four times a week. Asking, "Where have you been?" "Oh, only to West New York to see my little Jane." He never knows how to get back to his dear old ward. But in the meantime another Missouri hay shaker calls around to see him and to inquire how he feels, telling him, "I put you in a taxi and sent you back to camp."

Poor Happy is so bowlegged and with the black patch over his eye, (results of the night of June 30th) makes the best picture for Puck that we have seen in a long time. Why, what a relief to get rid of him as he has been trying hard to educate poor innocent Pat Murphy in the same business, but Pat isn't making a very great success of it.

Oh! Our poor Ward Surgeon, he has the most dreadful disease of the army. Always letting his arms go to waist. Took two days for him to realize what the disease was and we all know that it is incurable. What a pity that he is married.

Our ward, we think, is a first class ward. One thing that is lacking at present is the absence of patients, transferred the last two to-day. We are living in hopes that we will get a ward full soon. We are not choicy, black or white will do.

WARD 36

Nurse to Cpl. Evans, checking up in the A. M., "Cpl. I must have another ward man."

Cpl. Evans, "Why you have two ward men now and only four patients to take care of."

Nurse, "Don't you know that there is as much to do on the outside as on the inside of this ward. And if you will look at our morning report you will see for yourself what we have to take care of."

MORNING REPORT.

4 Patients.

1 Horse.

1 Cow.

2 Rabbits.

3 Squirrels.

1 Sheep.

"Therefore we need another man to keep them at attention at inspection on Saturday mornings."

WARD 9

BUCK PRIVATE'S CONFESSION

After reading the Mess-Kit for the past few weeks, we have decided its pages offered a wonderful opportunity to make an apology to the Medical Corps.

Eighteen months in France almost led us to believe that about the only thing that the M. C. made a specialty of were pills and iodine.

However after six weeks of wonderful care in Ward Nine of Camp Merritt, Base Hospital, we are convinced beyond a doubt that we were not only wrong but unjust in our decisions.

Our dreams of being a No. four man in the home town parade were shattered and Ward Nine with typhoid fever was our destiny. But while we didn't share in the glory of homecoming with our comrades there was not one minute that we were being neglected. What wasn't done for our comfort and welfare by the kind nurses and efficient doctors isn't called for in Medical Science or acts of Human Kindness.

So right here, Miss Ryan, Miss Penhall, Miss Sands, Miss Bline, Miss Wilson, Miss Turner, Miss Watson, Miss Hawkins and Lieut. Hoff may we thank you for your faithful and efficient work.

Of course that two weeks of liquid diet cannot expect too much publication. In fact at times we are wondering if they are training us to fight canary birds or walk on water.

However we soon found the solid food coming in the form of chicken, steaks and so on. Almost causing us to believe we were dining at the fashionable Biltmore, the only difference being in the Biltmore you usually come downstairs to your meals.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the good work as we have found it in this institution, and if all the wards in this hospital have the same hospitality as Ward Nine, Congratulations, Hospital Authorities.

I am sure three typhoid patients will return to their homes in Oregon, Iowa and Maine with nothing but words of the highest praise for "services rendered."

Signed, Three Buck Privates.

"EVERY SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART"



Here's to the Happiest Days of My Life
Spent in the Arms of Another Man's Wife—
"My Mother"



CONTRIBS



An Accurate Character Reading of the Former Kaiser

It is strange how things change in this world. For reading the poem given below at a banquet in New York City, a high ranking officer of the U. S. Navy was reprimanded very severely by the Navy Department. It was during the Boer War, and the feeling engendered during the Spanish-American War between this country and Germany had not yet spent itself.

Suppose the naval officer had waited until this year to read his poem? How he would have been applauded! Repeat it and see how accurately he read the character of the All Highest:

HOCH! DER KAISER

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland
Und Gott on high all dings command.
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mine soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhine,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt
She's ausgespielt—of no account.
To much we think she don't amount—
Myself—und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again;
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's grandma dink's she's nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott.

She dink's, goot frau, fine ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit dere scarlet coat—
Ach! We could knock dem—Pouf! like that—
Myself—mit Gott

In dimes of peace brebare for wars—
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for a thousand Czars—
Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, and I mit Him—
Myself—und Gott.

HOW TO LOSE YOUR FRIENDS

Lend them money.
Tell them their faults.
Show them they're in the wrong.
Beat them in an argument.
Think of something before they do.
Do something they should have done.
Do something better than they do.
Know more than they do.
Become more popular than they are.
Ask them for a favor.
Show a special interest in their friends.
Return to them good for evil.—*Life*.

RECEIVED AT THE MESS-KIT OFFICE

Dear MESS-KIT:

I am looking for a little information and am wondering whether you could help me out. The other evening I met a soldier from the Base Hospital at a dance at the Hostess House. He informed me that he was a doctor there, and since then have not heard from him. I would like to get in communication with him, as doctors are handy around the house. Will you look him up for me?

CARRIE COAL.

P. S.: He said that his name was Childers.—C. C.

Yes, we have a man here named Childers. He is a cook in the Diet Kitchen. But about the only thing that he ever doctored was water to make it look like tea.

Little boy, looking at soldier with spiral leggings: "Say, Jimmie, let's ask him how he screws his legs into those twisted pants."—*Ex.*

MY BOSS

Who was it, when I went to fight,
Cheered me in Wild and weird delight,
Who howled till I was out of sight?
My boss.

Who was it that in accents bold
Before I left unto me told
That he my job for me would hold?
My boss.

Who is it, now I'm full of worry,
Wants my old place, says he's "Sorry,
The place is filled, drop in to-morrow?"
My boss, the SLACKER!
Private Billings.

"I NEVER WANT TO SEE AGAIN"

A gas mask in a canvas sack,
A doughboy's heavy army pack,
A ton of mud upon each heel,
A round-shaped hat all made of steel,
A pup tent that the rain comes thru,
A blanket soaking wet with dew,
A leggin' that will not stay tied
A little cap set on one side,
An M. P. with a haughty air,
Directing you, he knows not where,
A French town, ruined, battered flat,
With nothing living but a rat.
Stones and splinters on the ground,
Lime and tar paper scattered round.
A heavy rumbling army truck,
A shell that makes the bravest duck,
A litter or an ambulance,
A "skinner" wearing old blue pants,
A dug-out with its dirty smell,
A hole made by a German shell,
A road with mud up to your knees.
"Them cooties and them German fleas"
A fellow with shirt pulled up,
Scratching like a hungry pup.
Corned-beef hash or old corn "Will,"
Bacon, gold fish or a C. C. pill,
A humming German bombing plane,
I NEVER WANT TO SEE AGAIN!

—*The Comeback.*



CHANCE FOR SOMEONE

Miss Grace Riley, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Riley, is up from Sacramento spending a few weeks with her parents on their farm near El Dorado. The young lady is quite domesticated and is a great help to her mother in culinary and other home duties.—*El Dorado County Republican*.

Some like 'em already domesticated, and some like to tame wild women.

GIRLS, LISTEN TO THIS

Lots of you were worried when we went to France, about what the French girls would do to you. Read the paragraph below, and see what they did to us.

I want to take this occasion to rise in my seat and say that nowhere in the world, where I have been, and I have been around a little bit, have the girls of any nation anything on Uncle Sam's girls. This includes French, English, German, Spanish, Japanese, in fact, about all. Just be yourselves, girls, just plain United States, and you have them all taking the count. You are the sweetest, smartest, cleanest, prettiest, the best dressed, the most efficient, and make the best wives, of any women on God's footstool. Don't you ever allow any one to make you think different.—*The Editor*.

(Boxes of cake, and everything, thankfully received at this office.)

SHE WAS WIFE OF 8 SOLDIERS AT ONE TIME But Yvonne's Deceit Was Discovered, and She Is in French Jail, American Husbands Come Home Story Told When Transport Regina d'Italia Reaches Here. Day's Arrivals of Troops 14,000

Yvonne, a petite and brown-eyed siren of the Paris boulevards, is languishing in a French jail. The news was brought to port yesterday by Private Elliott Brown of Atlanta, Ga., who served in France with the 155th Infantry of the 39th Division.

Yvonne, whose family name no American knows, confessed to marriages with eight members of the 39th Division, and she was not the only girl who contracted plural marriages with doughboys of that division.

Brown was not one of the husbands. One day he was walking in Paris with two members of his regiment, when another came along with Yvonne and introduced her as his wife. It was a sad awakening for Brown's two companions, for each of them believed she was his "until death do us part."

Yvonne's infidelity was made known to the French authorities. She went to jail, the allotment made by each of her husbands was cancelled and the doughboys hurried home, no longer interested in her ultimate fate.

—*New York American*.

SOMETHING IN THAT

"Tight skirts cause a great many accidents."

"Yes. I think girls would have less trouble with their skirts if they wore trousers."

WITH THE COUNTRY DRY

What has become of the old-fashioned female who made a living charming snakes? As we recall her, she looked like she could not have charmed anything else.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

But what is the use of a snake charmer now?

SOUTHERN BRANCH

The B. A. R. E. will give a dance in the Boat Club house on Thursday evening.—*Savannah, Ill., Times-Journal*.

We saw the Almost B. A. R. E. giving a swimming party at Galveston one time.

A CHALLENGE

"How did you ever come to marry him?"

"He was always bragging that no woman could henpeck him, and I just had to show him."

THE MAN

Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go
Out of life's heated battle into the evening glow.
He was just a common soldier, one of a mighty clan,
But every watcher bared his head in honor to the Man.
We stood there at attention, and the flag-draped coffin came,
And we snapped up to salute him, though we never knew his name.

He was just a common soldier, but we could not salute as well
The best old major general on this bright side o' hell!

—H. T. S., in *A. E. F. Book of Verse*.



BELLBOY GETTING \$75 A MONTH AS AN AUTO MECHANIC

WASHINGTON, June 28.—“I would have had to go back to being a bell boy if you hadn't helped me,” is the way a former bell-hop writes to the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

The Board is helping hundreds of boys who had big possibilities to develop them now, and letters are constantly coming in to show the way the boys appreciate the chance, and how earnestly they are going about making the most of it.

One boy who had been a jack-of-all-trades and expert at none is now specializing in X-ray photography, and has a big field before him.

Each individual case that comes up before the Board seems to be a proof of the fact that the men who could fight can carry on. If you know a wounded or disabled soldier, sailor or marine, give him the address of the Federal Board at 206 New Jersey Avenue, Washington, D. C.

FOR SPECIAL ATTENTION OF MEDICAL OFFICERS, NURSES AND CORPS MEN.

Below we have quoted from an article, “Lines of Communications,” by Brigadier General Francis A. Winter, which is of interest to every one of us, and should be given the widest publicity. He has given each branch of the service the highest praise, and in a publication, “The Military Surgeon,” which is not given to throwing bouquets at any one. For this reason, and from this high source, it is doubly valuable.

General Winter nails for all time the hoary slimy lie told about the devoted women who entered the Nursing Corps at the beginning of the war, and who did for us what our own loved ones were powerless to do, nor would have had the skill if the power had been forthcoming. It should be the duty of every one of us to protect the honor of these wonderful women as we would that of those nearest and dearest to us. If any one in your presence ever tries to say anything derogatory to the character of the Nursing Corps, knock him down first, and then read him what General Winter has to say about them. We are only sorry that we cannot publish all of this article.

Here is What He Says About The Medical Corps.

“To our doctors, our nurses, and our fine enlisted men, I make the obeisance they deserve, and you will give me the privilege of telling you why I lift my hat.” We want every Medical Officer, Nurse and Enlisted Man of the Medical Department who reads this article to mark it and mail it to some civilian. These are facts that should be given the widest circulation, we owe it to ourselves, and the MESS-KIT asks your help.

For thirty years it has been a matter of pride to me that I could claim fellowship with the guild of medicine and surgery, but it remained for this war to cap my fabric with an admiration for that fellowship which is quite a dogma in my list of things that I know to be right and appropriate. I had seen the brotherhood tested and it rang true, but I had seen the day of small things only and did not know the full story of the consecration as I do now.

To our doctors, our nurses and our fine enlisted men I make the obeisance they deserve, and you will give me the privilege of telling you why I lift my hat.

We may first concern ourselves with the physicians and surgeons who came to us from their comfortable office and home surroundings in America—in most cases voluntarily, and with no reservations. Leaving their homes and the handsome incomes which were theirs, they went into surroundings and habits of life new to them in all respects, save their bedside work, and carrying discomfort and inconvenience every hour of every day. In ninety cases out of a hundred, financial loss was their steady portion. I watched many a base hospital unit, staffed by the Nestors and the younger men, and I saw the grossly inadequate provision for comfort and the heart-breaking enforcement of professional idleness which fell to their lot in the poorly arranged schoolhouses and public buildings which depleted France, out of her slender store, managed to scare up for us as hospitals. The daily routine was for months the trying one of inactivity, and, if Satan looked for a setting to dole out his mischief for idle hands, this was the chance of his ancient life. It needed resolution and stern devotion to a cause to stand up

under the mud, the cold and the change of station, which oft-times changed, like the gambler's luck, in that it got worse. Laboratory and surgical specialists bossed a gang of men on the docks, getting the precious equipment of the unit on to freight cars, and hands which normally handled the fine adjustment screw of a microscope at home hustled the box of drugs on the wharf at our Gethsemane, the port of St. Nazaire.

It happened, I am sorry to say, that unfortunate “misfits” among regular officers were occasionally detailed to command some of our people, but sooner or later we got the rectification by appropriate orders, and it was the exception.

The officer personnel of these units was so admirable that it is entirely pleasant to think of them in the retrospect. The dominating idea was service to America, to the unit and to the poor chap who made appeal in his hour of misfortune to the skill of the doctor and the great heart which he knew to underlie and galvanize that skill.

How much those fine doctors did to exalt the morale of our fighting forces, can only be known to one who has heard the soldier man talk about it, and it has been my privilege, in many places, to hear him tell of the uplift which came to him when he realized that the best of America's medical profession awaited him in a base hospital.

I do not wish to convey the impression that it was only in these units that our doctor men were shining lights. There was much excellence all along the lines, and first class medical talent functioned at many small camp hospitals and with detached units. Of course we got some goats among the sheep, and I have always deplored the fact that the first officer dismissed by general court-martial in the A. E. F. for drunkenness was a medical officer. But these delinquents were notably the exceptions, and one may never hope to find a more altruistic, self-sacrificing devoted set of men than the medical officers who carried the burden in the lines of communications during my identification with it. And they were the fellows, fresh from civil life, who bore the brunt and did the chores in cheerful cooperation with the handful of regular medical officers who were available for duty abroad.

Just here it is fitting to say that we went along as a very happy family in France and England without any internecine strife, based on contention between the man from civil life and his professional brother who had made the service his life calling. I may again refer to the fact that we had some regular officers who failed in their work and brought discords, just as we had a sprinkling of non-adaptables among our Medical Reserve Corps men, but I believe the vast majority of the Regulars and the M. R. C. will agree with me that, long before the War Department merged everything into the Medical Corps, U. S. Army, by official fiat, our working agreement and unification had been accomplished, and our seal might in all reason have carried the legend “E Pluribus Unum.” It is my thorough conviction that practically every thinking, efficient man who comes back from France carries in his heart a sense of close affiliation with the old Medical Corps and is imbued with a keen desire to help us solve our problems in the future.

Now Listen, Girls, to What He Says About You

No reference to our work in France could be reasonably proper without comment on the nurses, who blazed trails and killed lions with us, quite up in the wilderness. I recall that when I left the L. O. C. there were over 4,000 of them in my area, and any ordinary man may fittingly balk at a dispensation of Providence which gives unto him the supervision of 4,000 women. This figure grew to 9,000 and over in December, 1918, when I left France for home, and the gracious bachelor who at present adorns the office of the Chief Surgeon, A. E. F., has had a merry quota of femininity under his aegis.

But this body of women were bent on doing a great work, and they were so busy doing it that they had no time to worry a chief surgeon. I do not think America sent any more resolute spirits to France than she sent in the personnel of the Army Nurse Corps. Their training had taught them the cogent need for discipline and control, and their eagerness to soften the rigors of suffering gave them the inspiration to fight it out to a finish and surmount the untoward conditions under which they had to live and work. The cold, raw early morning and the premature winter night in France, with creature comforts and normal hospital equipment and facilities at a minimum, put no

blight on the service rendered the sick man in our hospitals. With mobile hospitals and surgical teams, the only limit set by our nurses to their progress to the front was that imposed by military necessity. They worked in rubber boots, and a chief nurse told me the lingerie of many of these ladies often bore unmistakable earmarks of having been originally used as pajamas for the sterner sex, sick in hospitals. But our nurse got her sufficient panegyric from the plain soldier man, who was the great beneficiary of her *tactus eruditus*. A trip through any hospital in France showed the youth of the nation bearing the smile of content, coddled by a bustling young woman, who in most cases envied him his wounds and in all instances cherished his best interests as her first and foremost concern.

These women did much for international comity, and many a Tommy or Poilu carried back to his home a grateful recollection of just how much America was willing to do for her allies, because an army nurse had helped him in his crisis of life.

While I am on the subject of the army nurse, I cannot forbear a brief reference to a matter which is as unpleasant and revolting as it is insistent that measures be taken to lay it as one smites the serpent. I hesitate to mention a report which is so malevolently and viciously false, and which should perhaps be consigned to the waste basket, which all decent minds must keep in this time of flagrant gossip. However, I deem it a duty to deny, with all the vehemence I can summon up, the outrageous lie that special maternity hospitals are apportioned in this country for unfortunate women who have been among our nurses in France.

The story even reached me in France, from America, in December, 1917, and it has come to me from several gossip peddlers since my return to this country. I grieve to say that in every instance women were the agencies of diffusion. I know so well how free we were from just this thing, when I had daily access to all the records in France and England, and the perpetuation of the slanderous story over here prompted me to hunt up the records in the Surgeon General's Office, where every such case must of necessity finally rest. Now please note the emphatic denial made by those records when I tell you that there are just twelve such cases to be found. Only twelve among 11,000 women, living under conditions during nearly two years, of detachment from their ordinary environment, have shown the frailty which is so ruthlessly and ungenerously charged to them. Of course, this must die, as all lies must die in time, but those women did so much for America in her hour of need, they did it so nobly and without stint, and it is only a meager requital to them that some one apprised of the truth should proclaim it and come out openly in their defense. I deny the wretched story, and all my running mates in the L. O. C. will share the scorn I feel for the contemptible spirit which spreads it. "Be thou as chaste as ice, yet thou shalt not escape calumny" was written centuries ago.

Attention Boys! Here Is Where You Get Yours

Let me touch for a moment on the Medical Department enlisted men who put their impress on our work. Without them we could have done nothing of the things we did, and surely we had a fine collection of splendid youngsters to do the countless things a soldier in the department must do. I think I know why we got so many unusual men, and it lies in the fact that voluntary enlistment in the Medical Department insured an early arrival on the other side. I got together forty lawyers, clerks, secretaries, and students for the initial office and supply service and took them with me from New York on July 2, 1917. I like to refer to those chaps as the forty immortals, and they were but the type of the men who came to us in our base hospitals and other units. Later on, the apportionments given the Medical Department at large from the selective draft were not of such good quality, but we had the fine leaven of our organized units to sustain the burden. It is a source of gratification that so many of them received commissions in France. The eight-hour law did not hold with them, and the arrival of the convoy of sick and wounded meant that everything but work—plenty of it—was off the cards.

If the soldier going over the top was doing his bit, the chap who helped get his poor dismembered body out of the ruck, and into a neatly sheeted bed, was doing his, with even consecration. The enlisted man of our department has the love and affection of those who worked with him.



Capt.—What seems to be the trouble, Pat? Weak stomach?

Pat—Weak stomach nothing. I'm throwing mine as far as the rest of them

TO MAJMAN

(For Old Lang Syne)
Comes never a day to me
Nor yet a night
(God pity me at night)
Since we have separate been
I have not thought
Great loving thoughts of you.

I have been restless over the world
Have been tossed upon the seven seas
Have heard the bellowing roar of shells
Belched from great guns onto
Death riven fields.

But when quietude comes to me
In field or camp
Within the roaring city
Or beside the peaceful fire
Or when gazing out upon
A waste of mighty waters
Comes then a vision of your beloved face.

Within an old-fashioned room I see
One who sits beside the grate
And turns a face of gladsome welcome
To meet my kiss.
I muse upon the first timid time
I dared to lightly kiss your hair
That with a golden glory compassed your dear head.
And that day of days when you said
"I love you."

I think upon the joy and pain
Gladness and sorrow
Glory and abasement
Your love has brought to me
And across the years between
(Gaunt hungry years)
I hold out my hands to you and proclaim you
Still the darling of my heart.
Ever with me the gnawing ache of absence
Ever with me the incertitude of love
(The heart once mine may now forget).

Wherever you abide
With what store of joy the years may still hold for you
With what secret sorrow or upon what bed of pain.
I pray that in the sheltering tenderness of his love
God may hold you close
That in remembrance of me may be no sorrow
But that (how selfish yet is love!)
Some happiness be yours even
In dear remembered days.

Caduceus.

STACKS^a STACKSⁿ O' THINGS

by *STACK*

Ward man. "How did you lose your finger?"

Patient. "Blown off."

Ward man. "How did it happen?"

Patient. "I was shooting crap with loaded dice."

Taylor, "There's a patient in Ward 4 who is so cross-eyed that when he cries the tears roll down his back."

Witt, "He must be suffering from Bacteria."

Stew Robinson is the best first baseman that we have seen in years (when he is playing center field.)

No more will handsome Joe Butterfield linger amongst the blankets in the morning. The Det. Com. happened to drift thru Joe's domicile one morning and found Joe sitting in bed languidly deciding whether he would put his right sock or his left one on first. Joe was greeted with the request that he loan his pass to the Detachment Office for one week. The C. O. on looking across the barracks found Bill Flaherty counting nail heads in the ceiling. Bill and Joe have both sold their engagements to George Washington Keith.

Have you seen George Patrick Scollins' khaki suit? It is the pride of the detachment. After using 3.16 cents worth of laundry soap, 8 brushes and 17 cans of lye plus 28 1-2 hours of energy, Hindy now has a suit of virginal whiteness (in spots). If any of the detachment have missed this opportunity of gazing on this symbol of purity they may have their wishes gratified every Sunday evening at seven o'clock when George passes in review on the parade ground.

If all the MESS-KITS published in July were placed end to end, they would reach from Camp Merritt to some other place.

On another page will be found an accurate portrayal of Chief Cook Gus Reihley's new gas wagon. Did we say new? Pardon us. Many comments have been flung at Gus, such as "Who paid him to haul it away?" Gus has been visiting in a Saxon of very, very ancient lineage. Instead of an engine a huge spring is used as a means of locomotion which must be wound every two miles. It is truly a military car in every respect, as it stops as soon as it leaves the camp boundary line and has to be pushed back by man power. We wish you luck, Gus. Why not hold a raffle?

Sgt. Shorty Gravat of the Garage recently told his wife that he saw a chicken in Hackensack wearing pink garters. It took him two days, with the help of three almanacs and a MESS-KIT to convince his wife that it was a very, very windy evening.

Sgt. O'Neil: "Where are you going with that wheel-barrow?"

Shady Brooks: "I take him to the Berry House."

Sgt. O'Neil: "What do you know about machinery? Drop it and grab this pick."

"My rose," said he, as he pressed her velvet cheek to his.

"My cactus," said she, for he hadn't shaved for a week.—*Ex.*

"Were you very sick after your operation, Ferris?"

"Man, I was so sick that I looked in the Casualty List every night for my name."

DIED

July the First, John Barleycorn.

July the Fourth, Jess Willard.

Both valiant defenders of their titles. Willard as Heavyweight Champion of the world and John Barleycorn as the Champ of Champs. Both died a horrible death, but died like men.

NEW (?????) HOSPITAL RULES

1. If you get thirsty, don't call the nurse, there's a spring in your bed.
2. You can't skate here even if you do see the pillow slip.
3. If you want to read while in the dark, don't bother the nurse, the feathers are light enough.
4. If you want sympathy don't call for your friends. The nurse will bring you a comforter.
5. You don't have to get up to go fishing. There are castors on each bed.
6. Don't think that you can have anything you want to eat and drink because each bed has two sideboards.
7. You don't need any brain while you are here. There is a head on each bed.
8. Don't get the idea into your head that it is the Fourth of July because the nurse brings you some crackers.
9. If you want some athletic amusement ask the nurse to bring you a tumbler.
10. Don't think the nurse is sentimental because she brings you a spoon.
11. If you want to laugh empty a pillow in your bed. The feathers will tickle you.
12. Patients are not allowed big feeds. Only beds have spreads.
13. "Y" men should not swear. However, you say "blank it." The nurse will think you want more covers.
14. Speedy cures are effected here. Last week a blind man picked up a cup and saucer.?????—*Ex.*

De George is said to be suffering with the African Sleeping Disease.

Murphy was on guard for the first time, and his post was in the vicinity of the Officers' Quarters. At about one thirty A. M., the Colonel emerged from his tent, clothed in the majestic splendor of his pajamas.

"Halt!" pipes Murphy. "Who's there?"

"Colonel Rogers," answered the Colonel.

"Er-ah-oh! Pass in review."

BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME US

Another sad evidence of the lack of spirituality of the age is that most of us would rather look at a group picture of Los Angeles bathing girls than at one of leading Ohio suffragets.—*Ohio State Journal.*

And still an Ohio suffraget is a sight.

FOR HER GOOD?

Some folk are riding to a fall,
But that ain't Mexico at all;
If we are forced to take a hand
We will uplift Tamale Land.

STARTING SOMETHING

Why is it the man who most loves a quiet life always marries a woman who is talkative?—*Florida Times-Union.*

Ask your wife.

OUR VIEW

What are the factors that determine the selection of a bathing suit?—*Indianapolis News*.

Not so much a matter of material as of shape, we should say.

The Kentucky beauty who pulled down prizes in Kentucky beauty shows is being sued for an absolute divorce by her rich New York husband. A beauty show prize winner is not apt to be a success as wife in any man's country. She's a loser everywhere else.

Maybe the execution of old John Barleycorn will stop the jazz nuisance and bring an end to the ragtime era. Indeed, there is many a potential blessing in view for an unspificated nation.

This has been a wonderful year for women to win athletic prizes and college honors, but we have heard little or nothing about the gas range championship, the frying pan diploma, the hot skillet gold medal or the dish-washing cup. Are these trophies uncontested?

WISDOM (?) WITH AGE

King Solomon and King David

Led merry, merry lives,

With many, many lady friends

And many, many wives;

But when old age crept over them,

With many, many qualms,

King Solomon wrote the Proverbs

And King David wrote the Psalms.

—Anon.

The cable said it was a drunken American officer who caused a riot in Brest which resulted in a serious clash between Americans and French. This reminds us that evidence accumulates of the unflagging friendship of the liquor traffic for the American soldier.

The serious difficulty about charity beginning at home is, charity found it so hard to keep help it had to leave home and go to boarding.

Eighty quarts of captured lickor stolen from the court vaults in Kansas City, Kan. There is a way to capture the bootleggers and smugglers with the goods, but there seems to be no way to safeguard the evidence which is necessary to convict them.

The June marriage record warrants the hope that the considerable unmarried element, exclusive of the children coming on, will be able to keep the matrimonial industry going at sufficient capacity to leave always a nucleus of married people on hand in spite of what the divorce courts may do.

As we understand it, our soldier boys like the French all right, but objected to sleeping with goats and greyhounds during the flea season.

We see in the newspapers that the late Nat Goodwin's cellar was sold at auction and brought \$25,000. We don't believe a word of it. Nat would never have died and left that much lickor.

"My Heart and My Husband" is the title of Adele Garrison's domestic serial. We suppose if Mr. Garrison were a writer he would choose for the title of his scrivenings, "My Stomach and My Wife."

The boys are waking up these mornings early in July surprised to find themselves alive. But as a matter of fact the water wagon doesn't kill, provided the water is always boiled before using.

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A BUCK

With apologies to K. C. B.

The other morning as we were sauntering out to work,
We were stopped by a corporal, who asked us
Where our black necktie were.
We went back and put on our tie and started
For work again, when we were halted by a sergeant,
Who said, "Who gave you permission to wear that tie?"
We put our 'tie in our pocket and proceeded.
On crossing the road a Sergeant first class
Nailed us and told us to put our cap on straight.
We did, and proceeded as before.
We were next bawled out by a Hospital Sergeant,
Who told us to put on our blouse.
We went back and did as we were told.
On crossing the road once more a real
Master Hospital Sergeant stopped us and told
Us we were violating Order No. 000½ by
Wearing our blouse after Reveille.
We took it off and proceeded.
Then we forgot to salute a 2nd Louie
And got razed again.
Meeting a 1st Louie we gave him a very spiffy
Highball, which he didn't notice.
We were, of course, very much peeved, but
Went on to work.
On going down the corridor to our ward we
Were stopped by a Captain, who yelled,
"What are you carrying that blouse on your arm for?"
"Put your collar ornaments on your shirt when you are
Not wearing a blouse."
We obeyed orders and proceeded.
When we got to our ward at last
We received an awful razin' from
Our nurse for being late for work.
I thank you.

HEARD IN THE REAR OF BARRACKS NO. 4
AFTER 12 ANY NIGHT

Buchheit (SGT.): "I want a ham sandwich."
Heller: "I wanna go home."
Rose: "Brrr-rrrrt Zam."
Driscoll: "Then we went out for a ride in the car and I
almost kissed her. I asked her and she said no."
Heller: "I wanna go home."
"Pop" Westland: "Will you kids go to sleep?"
Rose: "Bam, Brrr-rrr-rrtt."
Driscoll: "If she didn't say no, I would have kissed her sure."
Hindy Scollins (with music):
"Oh, it's verra, verra nice
To get your brrrreakfast in yourr bed on Sunday mornrrning."
Heller: "I got 46.13½ standing out."
Butterfield: "Stack, wake me up for breakfast."
Gilman: Silence, asleep.
Comerford: "Who's getting up for breakfast?"
Flaherty: OUT.
Rose: Rip.

The end of a perfect day.

Sgt. Darks' evening prayer: "Another day gone and another
day nearer my discharge."

Nurse to wounded man just brought in: "Tell me your name
so that I can notify your mother."

Alabama: "My mother knows my name."

A negro Sergeant was recently giving a squad some final
pointers before passing in review. He said, "Ah want you niggers
to unerstan' dat yo is to car'y out all odahs giben on de risin
reflection ob de final word ob de comman'. Now, when we
is passin de reviewin' stan' an Ah says, 'Eyes right!', Ah wan'ts
to heah evey niggah's eyeballs click."

A kindly lady visitor recently asked a colored infantryman if
he ran when he heard his first shell. Sam's reply, "Well, mam,
Ah couldn't say dat Ah run, but mah Captain who was standing
in back of me said as how Ah did de firs mile in nothin' flat
an' dat he couldn't see nothin from mah wais' down."



\$30.00 a Month for This, 24 Hours a Day, with Any Kind of Weapons

EVEN AS YOU AND I

(From *The Oteen*, published at *Gen. Hosp. No. 19.*)

A fool there was, and he made a vow,
Even as you and I;
That he'd live no more on government chow,
But he's back again in the army now,
For he tried to work and didn't know how,
Even as you and I.

He cashed his finals and pulled his freight
Even as you and I;
For a good sized town in a distant state,
Where his love for work quickly turned to hate,
And he longed once more for his government straight,
Even as you and I.

His hands grew hard and his head grew sore,
Even as you and I;
'Til he passed one day through a flag-draped door,
And he raised his hand and solemnly swore,
That he'd try it again for three years more;
Even as you and I.

Inexperienced Orderly Officer: This for the men's dinner?
Soup, I suppose?

Cook: It's really tea, sir; but I can put a few carrots in and call it soup. They won't know the difference!—*Tit-Bits*.

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOUR JOB

Ask yourself these questions:
Are you making big money?
Does the future look good?
Are you learning something?
Then—Do you like to travel—and a chance to learn a trade?
Do you feel the spirit of adventure and a desire to serve the good old U. S. A.?

ENLIST IN THE ARMY

\$30 a month—and more as soon as you make good.
A chance to see Germany, France, the Panama Canal, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, China, Siberia, Alaska—You'll be given your choice.

Good clothes, plenty of well-cooked, nourishing food, and clean, airy barracks. Medical and dental attention free.

Baseball, football—all sorts of games, under the instruction of experts.

The opportunity to learn a trade and to get a good, sound English education.

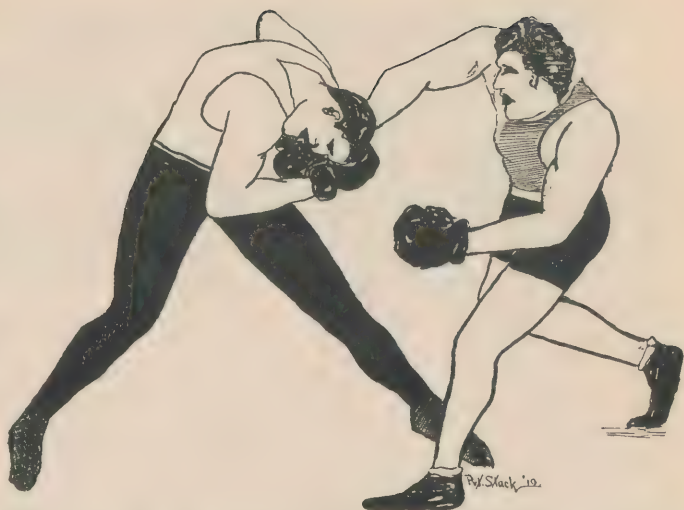
TUT, TUT

A modest girl is Susan Brown.
She walks the streets with eyes of down,
But when she climbs aboard a car—
Oh, help—police—my goodness—mar!

—*Florida Times-Union*.

"And you will take me to America with you *après la guerre*?" asked the demoiselle of the buck private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the diplomatic buck, "the custom-house officials would never pass such a priceless pearl as you!"—*The Spiker* (Army paper printed in France).



\$100,000.00 for Nine Minutes of This, with Padded Gloves and a Canvas Floor. Willard and Dempsey Exchanged Some Awful Swipes, but Neither of Them Wore Service Stripes

"YANKEE"

With Unusual Apologies

I went into a factory to find a job to do;
The superintendent up an' says: "We got no work for you."
The guy they gave my old job to, he giggled fit to die;
I went into the street again, and to myself said I:

O 'twas Yankee this, and Yankee that, and "Yankee, ataboy!"
But it's "Awful sorry, Yankee," from the people who employ.
The people who employ, my boys, the people who employ;
And it's "Awful sorry, Yankee," from the people who employ.

I went into an office with my chevron o' discharge;
The boss he greets me joyful with a "Glad to see you, Sarge."
"I come to take my job again," I then begins to sing.
The boss he says he's sorry, but he hasn't got a thing.

O 'twas Yankee this, an' Yankee that, an' "Yankee, lick the Hun!"
But it's "Busy, call again, sir," when the dirty war is done;
The worksome war is done, my boys, the irksome war is done;
An' it's where's the job for soldiers when the nasty war is done?

N. Y. Tribune

Holstein will no longer do acrobatic stunts in front of the Administration Building.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who wore:
Cotton stockings.
High necked shirt waists.
Long and loose skirts.
A natural complexion.
Long gloves.
We wonder?

Some men relish a Croix de Guirre, some a D. S. C., some the Cross of Italy, but the most coveted decoration at this hospital and the most sought after is a plain scarlet chevron.

The New Jerseyites are very indignant when you ask them about their mosquitos and proclaim very forcibly that there are no mosquitos in Jersey. They are right, for they call them dragon flies there.

JULY THE FIRST

The United States is a Temperate Zone both literally and figuratively.

Sgt. Muhl: "I walked by your ward this morning."
Miss Benoit: "Thanks very much."

Cpl. Lyman: "What did they give you when they removed your tonsils?"

Sgt. Heingartner: "Ether. After I took it I didn't know a thing."

Cpl. Lyman: "Oh, you needn't have taken ether at all."



With the return of each transport loaded with happy dough-boys, who are soon demobilized and home again, comes the additional need of the Port of Missing Men column. Units return, but some of the boys that sailed with the unit fail to return with their old outfit. Then comes a flood of anxious inquiries to the hospital newspapers, expressing the fear that their boy is missing, wounded or shell-shocked.

In the midst of your own joy at returning to the family circle, don't forget the empty firesides in thousands of other homes. Scan the list below carefully, and if you have any information about these men write immediately to the person making the inquiry.

Bring joy into some other home.

Wagoner William Michel Galvin, Supply Co., 140th Infantry, 70th Brigade, 35th Division, disappeared from the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Wagoner Galvin was a shell-shock patient. He wore his uniform when he left. Mrs. Galvin gives the following description of her husband: Eyes, gray; hair, brown; complexion, fair; height, 5 feet 8 inches; has two scars, one a split lip, the other a scar on his right wrist. Mrs. Galvin thinks that her husband may be somewhere in the harvest fields of Texas or in a dairy. Anyone who can give any information as to his whereabouts is requested to write or wire Mrs. William Michel Galvin, 4462 State Line Street, Rosedale, Kan., or to the office of this newspaper.

Frederick J. Decker, Company L, 9th Bn. Inf. Rep. and Training Camp, Camp Lee, Va. His mother is greatly worried about him. Send information to Mrs. Joseph Decker, Box 108, West Elizabeth, Pa.

Corp. John Kimbrough, Company C, 327th Infantry, A. P. O. 780. Inquiry from T. A. Kimbrough, Thurber, Texas, R F D 1.

Clarence V. Rudd, Company K, 346th Infantry, A. P. O. 776, A. E. F. Would like to know his present whereabouts or fate. Inquiry from his mother, Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Park View, N. M.

Corp. Frank Polloreno, Company E, 361st Infantry, 91st Division, Serial No. 2780422. Letters addressed to him are returned marked "wounded September 29." Was last seen by his brother on September 26, 1918, in the Argonne Forest. Address Gilbert Polloreno, 2515 Wabash Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Private Harmon G. Young, Company C, 312th Machine Gun Battalion. Killed in France, September 19, 1918. Particulars desired by D. A. Fanning, chief clerk Southern Railroad, Washington, D. C.

Corp. Roy Ferguson, Company L (or Company C), 335th Infantry, 84th Division, A. E. F. Overseas arrival card, dated October 12, 1918, last heard. Inquiry from Miss Lucille Cromwell, 2414 Cedar Street, Louisville, Ky.

Corp. Calvin A. Boyle, Company F, 2d Depot Bn., Signal Corps, A. E. F. Last heard from in July, 1918. Inquiry from Mary Elizabeth Brown, 566 Burr Oak Place, Blue Island, Ill.

Private Charles C. Windsor, Company H, 109th Infantry, 28th Division. Last heard from October, 1918. Reported wounded later. Inquiry from Mrs. Mary Williams Blightlane, 39 Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.

Private Albert Koplin, Company E, 4th Rep. Reg. Trained at Camp Gordon, Ga. Sailed for overseas in September, 1918. Safe arrival card only word received since. Inquiry from F. W. Kolpin, R. F. D. 1, Aurelia, Iowa.

Private Glen Stough, Company M, 337th Infantry, 83d Division, A. E. F. Last heard was card from him in hospital, November 7, 1918. Inquiry from his mother, Mrs. Annie Stough, R. F. D. 1, Findlay, Ohio.

James H. Elliott, Company K, 162d Infantry. Reported missing in action in July, 1918. Inquiry from father, James M. Elliott, Box 104, Wild Cherry, Ark.

Supply Sergt. Daniel Henry Cummings, Company B, 109th Infantry, 28th Division. Last heard from in August, 1918. Went over in May, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Belle Gault, 1358 Columbia Road N. W., Washington, D. C.

John S. Percell, Company D, 116th Infantry, A. E. F. Missing in action on October 8, 1918. Inquiry from his mother, Mrs. Caldonia Scott, Hickory Ridge, Ark.

Private Howard S. Leonhardt, Company B, 11th Machine Gun Bn. Last letter dated August 25, 1918. Reported slightly wounded October 5, 1918. Information regarding him would be appreciated by his father, F. B. Leonhardt, Florida, Ohio.

Leslie P. Parrott, Company F, 128th Infantry. Later transferred to 16th Infantry. Last letter dated July 15, 1918. Has been in France since March 4, 1918. Inquiry from father, A. O. Parrott, R. F. D. 2, Endeavor, Wis.

August Sturm, 30th Balloon Company. Left for France October 10, 1918. Nothing but safe arrival card received since. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. Willie Trulsen, R. F. D. 3, Charter Oak, Iowa.

Private John M. Gentry, Company A, 47th Infantry. Reported missing in action since October 19, 1918. No word since. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Laura Gentry, Vesey, Texas.

Corp. F. P. Gaffey, 78th Company, 6th Regiment, Marines. Official notice of his death received March 8, 1919. Would like to know date of death and place of burial. Inquiry from father, W. H. Gaffey, Easyton, Minn.

Private Ralph C. Axline, 138th Company, 4th Brigade, Marines. Reported as wounded in July, 1918; last letter dated June 21; letters addressed to him are not returned to sender. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. L. M. Axline, Medicine Lodge, Kan.

Private Wm. Martin Mullen, Company I, 165th Infantry, 42d Division. Missing in action October 15, 1918; later reported in a hospital. Address Charles Mullen, 7 Maple Street, Takoma Park, District of Columbia.

Private Ira L. Lewis, Company L, 58th Infantry. Address John A. Lewis, 212 Burt Street, Van Wert, Ohio.

Private Oscar L. Killin, Fifth Machine Gun Co., 5th Regiment, Marines. Missing in action since September, 1918. Had been wounded by shrapnel. Inquiry from Mrs. Wm. Rigby, Glendive, Mont.

Short Stories of Your Experiences Wanted

We want short, snappy stories from enlisted men or discharged men about any thing of interest to soldiers.

If you have had trouble in getting your old job back, tell us about it, and give all the facts in the case. If you have got a better job, or your best girl has married the other fellow, let us know.

If you are a soldier's mother, sister, wife or sweetheart, and think you have a grievance against the army, or you think your soldier has been benefited or deteriorated by his army experience, we will be glad to hear from you. It is by these means alone the army gets your viewpoint, and I assure you we are anxious to hear from old Vox Pop. on these matters.

If you can write poetry, or think you can, square yourself and give us a try. We have some of the best looking and the best natured girls in New Jersey drawing for us each month. Some day the country is going to hear from these girls, if some of us fellows up here at Camp Merritt don't persuade them to support us, after we get out of the army. We would like to have a girl in every State in the Union, and boys, too, to draw cartoons for us on any subject of interest to soldiers. Something that has fun in it, or the human appeal. Our magazine goes all over the country, and by helping us you may be able to help yourself. We are glad to get stories, the shorter and the funnier they are the better.

Remember this is your magazine, we can't succeed without your help. If you like what we put in the magazine, please write us and say so; if you have any suggestions to make for its betterment, we will be glad to have it. All we ask is sign your name plainly, and your address, that we may answer you. Nothing anonymous will be noticed. After you have finished with your Mess-Kit, please send it to someone else.

Remember, however, just one more thing. The Editor of the Mess-Kit is a mere human being, just like you. He didn't make New York go dry, nor is he responsible for everything that goes wrong in the army. But we are here to do the very best we can to make the Mess-Kit a readable magazine, that all of you will enjoy. In order to do this I must have your help. "It's all in the family," as the fellow said, when he ran away with his sister-in-law. So put your shoulder to the wheel and help.

ATTENTION, MEN!

As long as you have on Uncle Sam's uniform, don't disgrace it. This applies to you who have on the red chevrons as well as to those not so fortunate.

When you pass an officer, salute him. If you can't do this, take the uniform off. Remember, it is the uniform the man has on, and not the man, you are saluting. He is bound by the same law you are, and must return your salute. If he does not, you have a perfect right, and should call him down for it. The only point at issue is who shall be the first to salute, and the ruling is that the inferior rank salutes first. That is all there is to it, and it's very simple when you think about it in the right way.

If you are wearing a red chevron, regulations say saluting is not compulsory, but it certainly is a little thing we can do thus to show respect for the uniform that for years and years has stood four square to every danger that might come to you and yours. Remember what Queen Victoria told the Scottish lord, who had the heredity right to remain in the presence of his ruler with his hat on? He had just finished explaining to the Queen why he had not removed his hat in her presence when all others had done so.

"Yes?" the Queen replied sweetly, "King James could give you the right to stand in the presence of your king with your hat on, but only God could make you a gentleman, and all gentlemen take off their hats in the presence of ladies." That was the "blow that killed father," wasn't it, boys? We should remember the same thing. You would be among the first to resent an insult to the flag. Did you ever stop to think that when you see a man disgracing the uniform, by being drunk or disorderly while he has it on, that he is disgracing the flag also, and certainly in a more harmful way. Any man with our uniform on who does an untoward act of any kind either to himself or others is bringing disgrace on the uniform he wears. Let us remember that. This uniform we wear, from General Pershing down to the rawest Rookie who is doing Squads East and West, is

clothed in a livery, which shows he is the servant of the people of the United States. Consequently he is your servant, and mine. The servant of Bill Jones and Sallie Smith. Get that point of view, that this is your army, your uniform, whether you are out of it or in it, and we will all understand each other better.

So remember that when you do anything to bring disgrace on the uniform, when you do anything a real well trained soldier should not do, you are disgracing yourself far more than you can hurt anyone else. You can't get away from it. Study it out for yourselves.

MISFORTUNES OF A DOUGHBOY

His name was Bill Shanks, and when he stopped a couple of machine gun bullets over in the Toul Sector, and became a Blesse, as the French call a wounded man he wasn't sorry because he was tired and wanted to rest. After he passed through a Dressing Station, a Field Hospital, and had every souvenir he had stolen from him at the Evacuation Hospital, and had a long ride on a Hospital train, he found himself in a big Base Hospital at Bordeaux.

When he had rested up there, he found out a wounded man was entitled to wear trousers with long legs, like civilians, instead of the regulation breeches and leggins. Like all true soldiers, Bill wasn't satisfied with what he had. So he lost no time in having a pair of long legged trousers made for himself. With these on he proudly strutted around the hospital grounds, saluting no one of less rank than a Colonel, until he was sent on a transport to the United States. Many, many years ago one King Solomon said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It was so with Bill. Listen, and you will hear.

When Bill duly arrived back in New York City, he was sent to another Base Hospital for final treatment and recovery. But before all this was to happen to him, he was given a 30 days' furlough home, in order to tell the folks back there all about France and everything. It is needless to say Bill was the hero of the little town over in the Shenandoah valley in which he lived. Girls who had never noticed him in civies walked across a muddy street to get a chance to shake his hand. Ladies who had never asked him in the back door even, where he delivered ice regularly in days gone by, invited him to dinner. Bill felt like a new 12-cylinder Cadillac piloted down Riverside Drive by a millionaire's daughter.

Now, in the section of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave where Bill lived, wild grapes and muscadines grow in abundance in the foothills. They are usually to be found in small sweet gum tree saplings, growing in the top of these trees, and are usually best gathered by climbing up in the tree, swinging off, and thus bending the top of the tree down. The grapes can then be easily reached. During the early autumn the young people usually form parties, roaming over the hills and returning at night loaded down with grapes and muscadines.

To his everlasting sorrow, Bill joined one of these parties. They went from tree to tree, gathering grapes, until finally they came to a very tall sapling loaded down with the luscious muscadines. The young boy with the party of pretty girls who had come out to show the wounded hero a good time eyed the tree doubtfully.

"There ain't no use tryin' to bend that there tree down," he said. "It's too tough and high." And from this position he could not be budged. The young ladies were almost in tears. What was to be done? Enter our hero. Would he allow a mere tree to stand in the way of the desires of the best looking young ladies of his native town? And him the hero of the bloody fields of Europe? Not he! So sternly bidding the youthful Bolshevik to begone, he climbed the tree, and swung bravely off. The tree responded partly, but would not come all the way. Bill jumped and wiggled. All to no avail. He could not get the tree top down in reach of the fair hands that strove to grasp it. What was to be done? A happy thought came to Bill. Or, to be exact, what he thought was a happy thought.

"Take hold of my feet, girls, and pull me down," he said. No sooner said than done. But they did not take hold of his feet. If they had, this sad tale would not have been written. Bill's

(Continued bottom page 33)

INTERESTING NEWS

STAND FAST BY THE COLORS

Don't be a semi-slacker, Buddy.

Stand true to the colors, even if you have been discharged from the army.

Don't mix the olive drab with Prussian black and Turkey red.

Don't be a part of that pathetic picture which is being talked about in railroad stations and hotel lobbies—that picture formed by the grotesque union of khaki and mufti.

You know the kaleidoscopic scene of a "part army—some civie" make up, which is now familiar in nearly every town and along the walks of many trades. Sometimes it is the olive drab breeches from the army uniform, assembled with a bright blue coat and Austrian-yellow straw hat. Sometimes it is blue trousers with a khaki blouse. Always the discordant mixture of the uniform with gay colors jars the sense of even the civilian who does not look beyond to what the uniform means.

Many excuses are given for this abuse of army regulations. Discharged men sometimes claim that they are unable to "stock up" on civies at once after leaving the army. Sometimes this may be true, but the practice should be: Wear all the soldier garb or none at all. Don't jumble khaki with civilian dress.

Army regulations set out how the uniform is to be worn. Many infringements are made by both officers and enlisted men because they can "get away with it."

The garb of enlisted men is issued. What they pick up from merchants is generally not uniform for them.

The Sam Brown or Liberty belt is not part of the uniform of officers in the United States, although it is allowed while in foreign service. The same applies to overseas caps.

Misleading medals and insignia and bars are sometimes worn by both officers and enlisted men.

These men know better. They show that they are willing to lower the army standards by trying to "get away with it."

Every infringement on the dignity of the uniform desecrates the honor of the men who carried the olive drab over the top and consecrated that garment by the blood they gave for world-wide justice.

The uniform represents, in a way, the price paid for our institutions of freedom. It is the garb of the heroes who fell in Flanders. It has earned the most honorable treatment that we can give.

It is the duty of every man in the army service and out to make the color of the uniform stand fast as it has against every foe of democracy.

Honor it as the colors of the flag which led on to victory.

Play the game square.

(Continued from page 31)

feet were dirty, and the girls who reached up to grasp them saw they were, so they took hold of the end of Bill's trousers instead. (Alas, and alack! Sing Eden's bower! as Mr. Rosetti would say.) Bill didn't have on any suspenders (no soldier has), neither did he have on anything else but a blouse and his long-legged trousers. So when the yank the girls gave to Bill's trousers legs brought the trousers along with it, Bill didn't have much else on but a look of agony.

Now I guess you folks think I have my hero in a very bad fix with no way to extract him. Sit still and listen.

Of course, this was no place for a young lady to remain after what had happened, unless she was an art student and studying the "All Together." So these girls thought, and they left. Also they were so excited and nervous they forgot to leave Bill's trousers, but took them along, for a half a mile or so, before they thought of leaving them. Of course, that didn't make it any easier on Bill, because he didn't find them until next day. When he did find them did he return to town? Not that you could notice. Bill had gone over the top, and a few things like that, but he couldn't face the girls after what had happened. He tramped across the mountains to another town, took the train back to where his hospital was, and the first thing he did was to ask for some issue clothes. No more long trousers for Bill, not for three years anyway because he has re-enlisted. He says it will be that long before he will feel like going home.

W. P. B.

CHANGE IN COLLAR ORNAMENT INSIGNIA

Changes in uniform specifications now being prepared by the War Department will alter collar insignia for officers and enlisted men of the Reserve Corps, the Volunteers and National Guard organizations which have been officially recognized by the Federal Government. Hereafter Reserves and Volunteer officers will wear the bronze "U. S." similar to that of the officers of the Regular Army, but with the letters "R" and "V" respectively in gilt metal superimposed thereon. Officers of the National Guard will wear the "U. S." with abbreviation or initials representing their State, not to exceed four letters in gilt metal superimposed. These letters will in each case be one-quarter inch in height. Enlisted men will wear the bronze disk with the letters "U. S." and with the letters "R," "V" or of the State superimposed in bright metal.

OFFICERS IN THE FIRE, AND PRIVATES ON ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

Two discharged soldiers pass an officer still in the service. One of them goes by with a scornful grimace, and the other salutes just as snappily as if he had not yet got his red chevron.

Two towns are receiving officers and enlisted men at the end of their army service. One town meets them both equally and cordially; the other—a town in the timber section of Maine—is said to have refused to give employment to the former officers, on the ground that they had been un-American and autocratic and deserved censure.

Both of these attitudes occur frequently in civilian as well as army environments. In the eyes of some, returning officers deserve the treatment finally given to the Rich Man of biblical fame (who had fared sumptuously, and worn leather puttees for so many years), for they believe that officers have had already their share of comfort, honor and authority. To even up matters, these people would reward the private, as Lazarus (the poor man in canvas leggings), who has borne the war's burdens.

This view is a gross and twisted exaggeration of the status of each group in the army. A more general and more reasonable attitude toward the situation is that voiced editorially by Collier's recently:

"For thousands of American citizens, leather puttees and shoulder ornaments have been a symbol of power; obeyed, respected when understood, but always vaguely resented. To the German mind this resentment spells our ruin. Other Europeans weigh it with our other shortcomings in discipline. We refuse to be alarmed. We have, in our short years of war, gained something in discipline. We have escaped the worst evils of authority. In whatever form our army is perpetuated, we need to keep what we have gained, to be sure."

When we entered the war, it was difficult for Uncle Sam to make a palatable dish out of mixing the acid of military discipline with the milk of our democratic individualism. But the discipline had to be introduced in order to make an army out of a mob. Success resulted. Now, it is very well to return to democratic conditions. But in so doing, we should remember that the officer served his country as well as did the enlisted man; and that to cherish grievances against him is evidence of lack of balance, "sour grapes" or childishness. In registering our opposition to autocracy and dictation, we should not confuse war and peace, authority and tyranny, so far as to show spite toward those officers whose service made our army organization successful.

The other day when a certain Captain called the Base Hospital operator and asked to be connected with the Base Hospital Library, the operator replied, "The Hospital has no library."

For the benefit of the operator just mentioned and for any others who may also be without the useful knowledge of knowing that we have a library I would like to say that the Base Hospital library is situated in the Red Cross Convalescent House.

The librarian receives newspapers from all over the country every day and will be very glad to bring you the one you desire to your ward if you let her know which one you wish. She will also be delighted to get any book or magazine for you. Ask her for the one you want when she comes rustling through your ward with her book cart. She enjoys being asked for things.

GRACE E. BUTLER, *Hospital Librarian.*

WARD 35

Look for dust, thou quaint and kindly one.

"Superiority" is never made manifest by discourtesy.

In her shallowness, her utter inability to see any point of view but her own or to understand any argument which does not accord with her wishes—So why argue? It's useless.

Amongst the mist with angry lust,

She still insists she's some dust.

Dost thou not, E. W.

WARD 4

Brother Nelson went to New York to help the city go dry. On getting back he used all the ice in the ward. Ask the nurse.

Miss Beck and Miss Murray. The life of Ward 4.

What brings Sgt. McDonald to those famous bungalow weekends of his. They result in his being late for treatment and causing his tin ear to rust.

Thomas our famous and faithful K. P. Keep it up Thomas, we like your way of doing up the daily dishes.

Miss Cunningham is doing wonderful work with her case of limburger and one lamp.

THE MYSTERY OF WARD 4.

Who took Schuss' mirror and caused his heart to break. His usual song on getting out of the feathers in the morning, "I wanna doll."

Captain Jones who tells 'em all that they will leave in a couple of days. Great work, Cap, keep it up.

Miss Grace Harvey and Miss Bragg.

Very grace(ful) but never Bragg.

"Ford" went to Coney Island. The sun was too bright so he put one of his lamps out of commission looking at the loud bathing suits.

Schuss, who is wardmaster of Ward 4, Ask Mullins.

Miss Noel, our night nurse from the Smoky City. How would you like to be on a knoll in San Francisco?

The mystery of Heinze's new variety. What is it?

Dougherty, M. Co.'s famous Goldbrick and Capt. Ditmar's Pet.

Whitehurst the boy from Florida and who talks Palm Beach in his sleep.

Bob Wright who just got back from the other side and landed in the hospital from having so many Lillies. Result it went to his head and had to have his knob plowed to take them off. Be careful Bob.

Cpl. Conklin, the Champion Checker Player of Ward 4. He jumps in his sleep. Your move Conklin.

Dougherty, how do you like the Mess Hall Diet? Ford knows.

WARD 26

Ward 26 has expert phonograph players but they are poor men with the broom.

Things overheard in 26.

This is a hospital, not a laundry.

Who drank all the ice water?

When in Sam Hill do we leave here?

I wanna go home.

Some of you guys must think your ducking shells the way you make a bed.

In France, while sleeping among the mud and bricks

I used to have dreams of places such as Ward 26,

But who could ever hope for such dreams to come true,

While the rain was falling and soaked you thru and thru.

Still here, I am a-sitting in this place so clean and white,

And a real live American nurse to watch us thru the night,

So here's to Ward 26 and those who bring it cheer

May they remain in our memory for many a long year.

Returned Soldier.

MUSING OF A BUCK.

Camp Merritt, N. J., July 6th, 1919.

Home:—Perhaps no word in the English language has a deeper meaning for the returned soldier. Before we went to France there were so many things we took for granted; so many things we had always thought of lightly, and certainly our sojourn abroad, whatever else it has done for us, has given us a deeper meaning of home.

Our months "Over There,"—months filled with adventure and romance, and with every conceivable thrill, with desperate activity, and with watchful, impatient waiting; we have formed friendships, as deep almost as ties of flesh and blood; we have seen some of those comrades make the "great sacrifice"; in a word we have seen war at its worst.

More than this;—we have had a chance to observe the manners and customs of England, France, Belgium, Germany and other Old World peoples.

All this has broadened our minds, deepened our souls, extended our regards for the rights and feelings of others, and made us better members of the "Great Brotherhood."

Once more at home on the shores of America, soon to be discharged from the army and to resume our place in civilian life, what lessons have we learned that will better fit us for our duties of making the democracy, for which we have fought, a real democracy for, of, and by the people.

Now, as we lay aside the Olive Drab and don "Civies" we wonder just how far our duties have been finished?

1.

But after the breakfast is over
And they start cleaning the dishes away
Thru the kitchen and Mess Hall
There is scraping the rest of the day.

2.

But taking the kitchen alone boys
It isn't so awful bad
But still I have scraps with the fireman
And believe me I get some mad.

3.

But still we can't blame our fireman
For he is up every morning at 3
And he is only getting his \$30 per
And he is after that 33.

4.

Well dear friends when this is published
On my frame they'll surely be
So I guess I'll pack my kit bag
For a journey across the sea.

By Cook Foster.

WARD 20

Cochran, Bozman, Louis Brown and Uriah Wynn our colored quartette.

We are feeding them all we can find. Giving them the best of care. Waiting for the songs that we know must be hidden in their grateful hearts. But so far not a song. We plan to feed them bird seed before long. Perhaps the diet has been wrong.

YOU CAN STAY IN THE ARMY UNTIL YOU GET A POSITION

Secretary Baker has issued the following order:

"All commanding officers will take steps to insure that every enlisted man in their command understands thoroughly that the War Department does not desire to discharge any soldier who cannot secure civil employment. It will be made clear to every soldier that where he would normally be discharged under orders for demobilization he may remain temporarily in the military service at his own written request until such time as he can secure employment.

"The fact that he requests to remain in the army temporarily does not in any way operate to compel him to remain in the army for a long period of time against his will. Any man who would normally have been discharged if he had not expressed his desire in writing to remain in the service may thereafter be discharged from the service at his own request whenever he thinks he may secure employment. All such men as are retained temporarily under the above authority will be attached to the most convenient unit and where their services will be most useful."

A young adjutant flourishing a telegram—What do you know about this bird! Wiring an extension of his A. W. O. L.—Carry On.

HERE'S THE WAY RANK WAS BORN

Here's what they all mean.

The late Gen. Clinton A. Gulley made an exhaustive study of the origins of military insignia. His son, Gordon H. Gulley, gives this as the result of the General's work.

The lowest officer in the army is the lance corporal, a substitute corporal who is not often designated nowadays. His insignia is the one-stripe chevron. The next in rank is the corporal, who wears two stripes. The sergeant wears three.

These chevrons, made in the form of an inverted V, were in the earliest period used to designate, first, the householder—the man who had a roof. He brought to the army a small number of followers. The headman of two or three houses came with a more respectable following. His corporal's chevron had two stripes. Above him was the chief of the village or small district, representing many houses, and bringing a corresponding number of followers. Three chevrons on his sleeve indicated that he was a man of authority over many roofs. He bore the title of sergeant.

Lieutenants' and captains' bars represented commands large enough to be inclosed within walls, that is to say, garrisons.

The leaf worn by the major and the lieutenant-colonel, indicated the man who commanded a great number of men, as many as might assemble under a great tree. The eagle, the insignia of the colonel, stood for command of as many men as would come under the vision of the lord of the air.

The star, the symbol worn by the general, represented the height of power, so great that it could be represented only by a heavenly body.—*Come Back*.

THE GUY THAT SLEEPS BY ME

You can talk about your heroes
In our battle with the Hun,
Tell how a certain fellow
Made a hundred Germans run.
That fellow was a warrior,
That's a fact we all can see;
But he couldn't hold a candle
To the Guy that sleeps by me.

This Guy that sleeps by me, he went
Alone one stormy day
And captured ninety and some odd Boches
And brought them all away.
You might find lots of heroes,
In our war across the sea,
But you'll never find a hero
Like the Guy that sleeps by me.

He took his trusty rifle,
Clumb a tree, I heard him say,
And captured three whole regiments
In half an hour one day.
For six long weeks he never had
A drop to drink but tea,
And all he ate was old tin-cans—
This Guy that sleeps by me.

The Dutch came in our camp one night
And swiped our morning lunch,
This Guy went right out all alone,
Surrounded all the bunch.
That time he got a medal,
I think a D. S. C.
You'll all say he deserved it—
That Guy that sleeps by me.

He took an aeroplane one day
And blew up, with a shout,
Forty-seven German towns
Until the gas run out.
He almost got the Kaiser,
It's as plain as it can be,
There's no one in the world quite like
That Guy that sleeps by me.

He used to drive a truck, he said,
Right out in No-Man's land,
And if the blooming thing went wrong,
He'd shove it in by hand.
And while the other Sammies slept
He was busy as a bee.
He never needed any rest—
This Guy that sleeps by me.

He stood the strain for twenty months,
He never yelled enough,
He says he'd like another war,
That Guy is surely tough.
You remember how big Bertha
Hurled her shells in gay Paree?
You want to know who stopped her?
'Twas that Guy that sleeps by me.
By Walter B. Cooper.

MODESTY

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed,
She went undraped without a single fear or
Thought that she had need to be ashamed.

'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple
That she became inclined to be a prude,
And found that evermore she'd have to grapple
With much debated problems of the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money to her clothes,
And that was the beginning of convention,
And modesty, at least, so I suppose.

Reactions come about in fashions recent;
Now girls conceal so little from the men
That it would seem, to get back to the decent,
Some serpent ought to pass the fruit again.
—*Yale Record*.

A FORECAST

Bill Brown could never save a cent, his pay came in and out it went the self-same day that he was paid; a nest egg Bill had never laid. For suits and overcoats and sox and grub he parted with his rocks, lived in a hall-room, two by twice, in winter cold as Greenland's ice, in summer hot as Tophet's clime. Poor Bill, he had a mournful time.

Bill longed to learn a useful trade by which much money could be made, to turn a motor inside out and put its mysteries to rout, to pull it gaily limb from limb and put it back, all true and trim. But gawky William had no skill and worked for wages almost nil, toiling by day with main and might and studying in school at night. "This is a dawg's life," Willy said, "I almost just as lief be dead."

One day while loitering in the street, his roving optic chanced to meet a sign which told him, there and then, his Uncle Sam'd wanted men. The sight made his ambition burn, the words, "Enlist and learn and earn," filled his discouraged heart with hope. "By gosh!" said William, "that's the dope!" He crossed the street without delay and signed up with the U. S. A., then on a transport, overseas, with other "rooks," hit the breeze.

Soon Rooky Bill forgot his woe, he learned what makes the motor go, what makes it stop when worn or ailing and how to remedy its failing. A motor expert he became, a master of the auto game, and when enlistment time expired, at handsome wages he was hired. Meanwhile he got his living free, good food and clothes, new lands to see, fresh outdoor air and many a friend—and liberal monthly pay to spend. But did he spend it all? Not so! He soaked it in the bank to grow!

But army life did more for Bill; his hollow ribs began to fill, his back grew straight, his chest expanded, he was a husky when he landed home on his native soil again, a man respected among men. His chin held high, his eye serene, for life and work Bill Brown was keen. "The world's my oyster," chuckled he. "The army's made a man o' me."—*The Chevron*.

AN ARMY LEGEND

When good civilians die they go
To heaven—as a rule.
An old First Sergeant doesn't die,
But turns into a mule.

He plods along quite faithfully;
Has ne'er a word to say.
And never growls about his "show,"
Nor kicks about his pay.

Now, should you go a-soldiering,
The army is a school,
And lesson one is simply this:
Respect the army mule.

They once were soldiers like yourself,
These drudges 'fore the wheels;
And lesson two—I'll whisper it:
Don't fool around their heels.

—Life.

JOHN DOE—BUCK PRIVATE

Who was it, picked from civil life
And plunged in deadly, frenzied strife
Against a Devil's dreadful might?
Just plain "John Doe—Buck Private."

Who jumped the counter for the trench,
And left fair shores for all the stench
And mud, and death, and bloody drench?
Your simple, plain "Buck Private."

Who, when his nerves were on the hop,
With courage scaled the bloody top?
Who was it made the Hun swine stop?
"J. Doe (no stripes) Buck Private."

Who, underneath his training tan
Is every single inch, a man!
And, best of all, American?
"John Doe, just plain Buck Private."

Who saw his job and did it well?
Who smiles so bland—yet fights like Hell?
Who rang again the Freedom bell?
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who was it lunged and struck and tore
His bayonet deep into Hun gore?
Who was it helped to win the war?
"John Doe (no brains) Buck Private."

Who, heeding not the laurel pile,
That scheming other men beguile,
Stands modestly aside the while?
"John Doe (God's kind) Buck Private."

—The Stars and Stripes.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education has just completed an arrangement with the University of Arizona, located at Tucson, whereby a training center will be established for the benefit of disabled soldiers. Climatic conditions in this part of Arizona make it a particularly desirable place for soldiers who have been gassed or who are suffering with tuberculosis. The training center will not, however, limit its opportunities to such men, but will receive any discharged soldier whose disability received while in service marks him as a subject for retraining. Students may be admitted to the regular courses in agriculture, engineering or commercial subjects, or special courses will be provided when necessary for disabled men requiring intensive practical training, leading to employment in a short time.

YOUR SPARE TIME—ARE YOU WASTING IT?

What do you with your spare time?

Did you ever stop for a moment and think—am I using my leisure hours to good advantage?

Our daily tasks at the hospital are assigned us—very few of us select our own work, but we are the sole owners of our leisure time.

Supper mess is over and the evening is ahead of us. The question 'What shall I do tonight?' comes up. Some of us think of the theater, others of swimming, others of fishing or rowboating, others of dancing, and there are others among us who, in tent or barracks, find keen satisfaction in discussing the never-ending question, "When will this hospital be closed?"

It is purely a delusion to think that life in the army or any other given period of our existence is a kind of suspension of real living; the chances are that the habits with which we are to live tomorrow will largely be determined by the way we appropriate our environment today. There is a large number of us who are chafing out our existence against a stern, unmeaning environment. There are others who are turning this environment to advantage.

Books are the chief allies and instruments of teachers. Be you farmer or lawyer, plumber or musician, electrician or mechanic, draughtsman or salesman, clerk or student—there is a wealth of learning to be had in an intelligent and conscientious study of the books meeting your own particular requirements.

Read what you can read with a keen and lively relish; what charms, thrills and fascinates you; what stimulates and inspires your mind, or satisfies your intellectual hunger. In brief, study what you most affect.

Again, are you wasting your leisure time?—Ontario Post.

"POOR DAD"

The poem, reproduced below from the Ontario Post, published at U. S. Base Hospital No. 5, Fort Ontario, N. Y., was written by Private W. H. Victory, 114 Machine Gun Company, 29th Division, and well defends one who receives but little credit for the sacrifices he has made.

They think of us soldiers as heroes—
And praise up our names to the skies.
They've tears for the one who is wounded
And prayers for the one who dies.
They write of our pals and our sweethearts
And mother so brave tho' so sad,
But name a great poet or singer—
Who mentions a word about dad.

Poor dad, with his check-book and troubles—
He hasn't a look in at all.
It's mother, it's pal, or it's sweetheart—
To Sammie who answers the call.
Now dad must be thinking and working—
In a store, or a mine, or a mill—
To get the old round iron dollar,
To pay the big family bill.

He buys the new bonds by the dozen,
Tho' each shoe is down at the heel:
But slips in a five or a ten spot,
Whenever he gets a good chance.

At evening while reading his paper,
And smoking his pipe or cigar,
He thinks of his boy clad in khaki.
Says, "Luck to you boy where y'are."
Now I think a whole lot of mother,
She has written each day I've been gone.
My pals, and my friends, and my sweetheart,
Have all helped to cheer me along;
But dad is as good and as human;
And sometimes I certainly feel,
That since he must pay and work each day,
The old gent don't get a square deal,

WARD 19

Notice to Goldbricks.

If you don't get attention enough come to Ward 19——

The nurse says we don't give her enough work to do. Drop in and look us over. Board by the square foot and beds a la clothes line.

Pvt. Kirchner passed thru this camp in Dec., 1917—the year of the heavy snow fall. Pvt. Haggerty came thru the following May, Cpl. Reichert came thru camp also in May and Pvt. Craig last Saturday. None of them were in the Hospital however. Cpl. Reichert has found much enjoyment in going to Palisade Park. I wonder what the attraction was. Several others have found entertainment there also.

Altho' Sgt. John De Santis enlisted from Washington, D. C., his mother and sister are in Paris, France. While overseas he was able to visit them, being stationed only a short distance away. While he was in France he was a patient in four hospitals, Base Hospitals 4, 9, 100 and 107, besides the Base Hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J. He says he finds Ward 19 the best and cleanest of any that he has been in and the food at the Mess Hall is good. We will all miss him when he goes.

WARD 28

On the night of June 29th thirty goldbricks from the Army of Occupation and elsewhere in the A. E. F. arrived unexpectedly at this ward which was found to be completely deserted with but one exception which we all mistook for the Summary Court Officer. Who is he?—Ask Evans he knows. Verdict—Liquid diet.

We had a new Doctor with us while our Captain was away for a few days and this is what happened when the Captain was making his rounds of the ward.

Doc, "Why, my man, you haven't shaved for a month. Don't

you know its unsanitary to leave your beard on so long?"
Buck, "Why, Capt. am I not shaved?"
Doc, "Look in the mirror and see for yourself."
Buck, passing his hand over his face, "You are right, Doc. There was two of us using the same mirror this A. M. and I must have shaved the other man."
He got away with it. He was Irish.


Listen! If this issue of the "Mess Kit" pleases (or displeases) you, won't you please write us. We want your viewpoint. We are endeavoring to make this magazine of interest to YOU. Your assistance and criticism will be beneficial to us all. Thank you.

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